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to

Rev. Dr. Bellows.

July, 1868.

HYMNS.



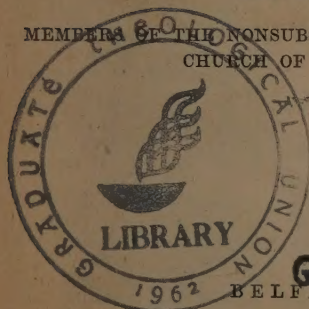
H Y M N S

FOR

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

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H Y M N S.

I.

BEGINNING AND CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

1. (Ps. CXVIII. 24-26.) C.M. KENDAL.

For the Lord's day.

- 1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own,
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day, the Saviour left the dead,
And death's dread empire fell;
To-day, the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna! now the prince of peace
The victory hath won!
Hosanna! the anointed king
Ascends his destined throne.
- 4 Sent by his Father's love, he came
To bless our sinful race:
Let all adore the Father's name,
And celebrate his grace.

HYMNS FOR BEGINNING

2. (HEB. IV. 1-11.) L.M. ISLINGTON.

The Christian sabbath morning.

- 1 Another six days' work is done,
Another sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blest.
- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows !
- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which, for the church of God, remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away ;
How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

3. (PS. XCII.) S.M. WATCHMAN.

The Lord's day.

- 1 Hail to the sabbath-day !
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.
- 2 Lord ! in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend ;
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

AND CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

- 3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod ;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.
- 4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky ;
Thy sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.
- 5 Lord ! may that holier day,
Dawn on thy servants' sight ;
And grant us in those courts to pray,
Of pure, unclouded light.

4. (Is. LX. 1-5.) C.M. NEW CAMBRIDGE.

The Lord's day morning.

- 1 Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that, which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun, which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

HYMNS FOR BEGINNING

- 4 Ten thousand thousand tongues shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

5. (PS. XCII.) L.M. DERBY.

Delights of the sabbath.

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my king,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal care shall seize my breast :
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word :
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels, how divine !
- 4 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And, raised to holier courts above,
I praise thee with a purer love.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

AND CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

6. (ECC. v. 1.) C.M. HOWARD'S.

The sabbath of the soul.

- 1 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born !
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.
- 2 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control ;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The sabbath of my soul.
- 3 Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts !
Let fires of vengeance die ;
And, cleansed from sin, may I behold
A God of purity.

7. (Ps. LXV.) C.M. OLDHAM.

Privilege of public worship.

- 1 Praise waits for thee in Zion, Lord ;
To thee vows paid shall be :
O thou that hearer art of prayer,
All flesh shall come to thee.
- 2 Our sins before thee we confess,
Our wanderings deeply mourn ;
Confiding in a Father's love,
To thee we would return.
- 3 Blest is the man whom thou dost choose,
And mak'st approach to thee,
That he within thy courts, O Lord,
May still a dweller be.

HYMNS FOR BEGINNING

- 4 We surely shall be satisfied
With thy abundant grace,
And with the goodness of thy house,
Even of thy holy place.

8. (Ps. LXXXIV.) L.M. EATON.

Pleasures of public worship.

- 1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !
With long desire, my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 Blest are the saints who dwell on high,
Around thy throne of majesty :
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 3 And blest the souls, that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
Inquire thy will, and learn thy praise.
- 4 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

9. (Ps. LXXXIV.) P.M. BURNHAM.

Delight in public worship.

- 1 Lord of the worlds above !
How pleasant and how fair

AND CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are :
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to meet my God.

2 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise thee still ; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears ;
O glorious seat, when God our king,
Shall thither bring our willing feet !

10. - (Ps. CXXII.) S.M. PECKHAM.

The delight of worship.

1 Glad was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
'Come, in the house of God appear,
For 't is a holy day.'

2 Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple-door ;
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

HYMNS FOR BEGINNING

- 3 Within these walls may peace
 And harmony be found ;
Zion, in all thy palaces,
 Prosperity abound !
- 4 For friends and brethren dear,
 Our prayer shall never cease :
Oft as they meet for worship here,
 God send his people peace !

11. (Ps. c.) L.M. SAVOY.

Joyful praise to God.

- 1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice :
Him gladly serve : his praise forth tell ;
Come ye before him, and rejoice.
- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed ;
Without our aid he did us make ;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O ! enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto :
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

AND CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

12. (Ps. c.) L.M. SABAOTH.

Praise to our Creator.

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy :
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

13. (MAT. VI. 9.) 7s.M. ASHBURN.

Divine goodness celebrated.

- 1 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be thy glorious name adored !
Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail !
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Yet our hallelujahs hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

- 3 There no tongue shall silent be,
 All shall join in harmony ;
 And through heaven's all-spacious round,
 Praise to thee shall ever sound.
- 4 Lord, thy mercies never fail ;
 Hail, celestial Goodness, hail !
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Be thy glorious name adored !

14. (Ps. xcv.) S.M. FALCONSTREET.

Call to worship.

- 1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing ;
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal king.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown,
 And gave the seas their bound ;
 The watery worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne ;
 Come, bow before the Lord ;
 We are his work, and not our own,
 He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day, attend his voice ;
 No more provoke his rod ;
 Come, make his heavenly paths your choice,
 And own your gracious God.

15. (PROV. XXII. 2.) 7s.M. PLYMOUTH.

Rich and poor meet together.

- 1 Come the rich, and come the poor,
To the Christian temple-door;
Let their mingled prayers ascend
To the universal Friend.
- 2 Here the rich and poor may claim
Common ancestry and name;
Claim a common heritage,
In the Gospel's promise-page.

Of the same materials wrought,
By the same instructor taught;
Walking in life's common way,
Tending to the same decay;—
- 4 Rich and poor at last shall meet
At the heavenly mercy-seat,
Where the name of rich and poor
Never shall be uttered more.

16. (PS. LXXI.) S.M. WATCHMAN.

Invitation to the house of prayer.

- 1 Come to the house of prayer,
O ye afflicted, come!
The God of peace shall meet you there,
He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now!
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love !
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne
Your cheerful anthems raise ;
Nor let your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.
- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call ;
- 6 Up to thy dwelling-place,
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

17. (Is. xxvi. 1-7.) C.M. PEMBROKE.

Invitation to worship.

- 1 How glorious Zion's courts appear,
The city of our God !
His throne he hath established here,
Here fixed his loved abode.
- 2 Its walls, defended by his grace,
No power shall e'er o'erthrow ;
Salvation is its bulwark sure
Against the assailing foe.

AND CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling ;
Enter, ye nations, who obey
The statutes of our king.
- 4 Here shall ye taste unmingled joys,
And dwell in perfect peace,
Ye who have known Jehovah's name,
And trusted in his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears ;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

18. (Ps. CXXXVIII.) L.M. TRANQUILLITY.

The hour of prayer.

- 1 Blest hour ! when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to his sacred word.
- 2 Blest hour ! when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.
- 3 Blest hour ! when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear ;
To list the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

HYMNS FOR BEGINNING

- 4 Blest hour ! for there, where he resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
‘ The house of God—the gate of heaven.’

19. (DAN. IX.) C.M. BEXLEY.

Homage and devotion.

- 1 With sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.
- 2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven’s almighty King ;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 O Lord ! while in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.
- 4 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing ;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

20. (2 CHRON. VI. 18, 19.) L.M. BRENTWOOD.

Worship of the omnipotent God.

- 1 Shall man confine his Maker’s sway
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone ?
Thy temple is the face of day—
Earth, ocean, heaven, thy boundless throne !

AND CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

- 2 Thou who canst guide the wandering star
Through trackless realms of ether's space ;
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace ;—
- 3 To thee, my God, to thee I call,
Whatever weal or wo betide ;
By thy command I rise or fall,
In thy protection I confide.
- 4 To thee I breathe my humble strain,
Grateful for all thy mercies past ;
And hope, my God, to thee again
This erring life may fly at last.

21. (Ps. XL.) L.M. SAVOY.

The house of God.

- 1 Lo, God is here ! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face ;
Let all within us feel his power ;
Let all within us seek his grace.
- 2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart ;
More of thy image let us bear ;
Erect thy throne in every heart,
And reign without a rival there.

22. (Ps. XXVII. 4–6.) L.M. EATON.

The house of prayer.

- 1 If, in a temple made with hands,
God speaketh still his high commands ;
Let me to that blest place repair,
That I may learn my duty there.

- 2 If, in the ailments of the soul,
There be a power that makes it whole;
Let me to that pure fount apply,
Lest the neglected spirit die.
- 3 If there be still a sacrifice,
That may to God with favour rise;
Let me present a contrite heart,
Ere from this temple I depart.
- 4 Where God would have the oblation made,
There be the willing tribute paid,
Till to his name I consecrate
The worship of an endless state.

23. (Ps. CXIV. 18.) L.M. PERU.

The mercy-seat.

- 1 O Lord, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

24. (Ps. CXI.) L.M. NEW SABBATH.

Public worship.

- 1 Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee ;
Thy saints adore thy holy name ;
Thy creatures bend the obedient knee,
And humbly thy protection claim.
- 2 Thy hand has raised us from the dust ;
The breath of life thy spirit gave ;
Where but in thee can mortals trust ?
Who, but our God, has power to save ?
- 3 Eternal source of truth and light !
To thee we look, on thee we call :
Lord, we are nothing in thy sight,
But thou, to us, art all in all.
- 4 Still may thy children, in thy word,
Their common trust and refuge see ;
O bind us to each other, Lord,
By one great tie—the love of thee !
- 5 Here, at the portals of thy house,
We leave our mortal hopes and fears ;
Accept our prayers, and bless our vows,
And dry our penitential tears.

25. (Ps. CXLIX.) P.M. TALLIS.

Hymn of praise.

- 1 O praise ye the Lord ! prepare a new song,
And let all his saints in full concert join ;
With voices united, the anthem prolong,
And shew forth his praises with music
divine !

HYMNS FOR BEGINNING

- 2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend ;
Let each grateful heart be glad in its king ;
The God, whom we worship, our songs will
attend,
And view with complacence the offering we
bring.
- 3 Be joyful, ye saints, sustained by his might,
And let your glad songs awake with each
morn ;
For those who obey him are still his delight ;
His hand with salvation the meek will
adorn.
- 4 Then praise ye the Lord ! prepare a glad
song,
And let all his saints in full concert join ;
With voices united, the anthem prolong,
And shew forth his praises with music
divine.

26. (Ps. CL.) 8s. & 7s.M.D. HAYDN'S.

Universal praise.

- 1 Praise to thee, thou great Creator !
Praise be thine from every tongue !
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Father, source of all compassion !
Free unbounded grace is thine :
Hail the God of our salvation !
Praise him for his love divine.

AND CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high !
Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise ;
There, enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

27. (Ps. cxvii.) L.M. DENBIGH.

Universal praise.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

28. (Ps. xcix.) S.M. FALCONSTREET.

Praise to Jehovah.

- 1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear ;
Let sinners tremble at his feet,
And saints be humble there.
- 2 How holy is his name !
How awful is his praise !
Justice, and truth, and wisdom join
In all his works of grace.

HYMNS FOR BEGINNING

- 3 Exalt the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet :
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

29. (Ps. cxxxv.) 7s.M. UNITY.

Praise to God.

- 1 Praise, O praise the name divine !
Praise it at the hallowed shrine :
Let his acts, and power supreme,
To your songs suggest a theme.
- 2 All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ ;
And in one great chorus join—
Praise, O praise the name divine.

30. (Ps. cxxi.) P.M. LAKEFIELD.

Praise to the guardian God.

- 1 Blessed be thy name for ever !
Thou of life the guard and giver !
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping :
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever !
- 2 Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest :
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight gloom, of dawning day

That rises from the azure sea,
Like breathings of eternity ;—
God of life that fadeth never,
Blessed be thy name for ever !

31. (Ps. CIV. 33.) 7s.M.D. HOTHAM.

Glory to God in the highest.

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.
Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.
- 2 Heaven and earth must pass away,—
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heavens and earth,—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?—
No ! the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

32. (Ps. xxxiv. 3.) S.M. PECKHAM.

Exhortation to grateful praise.

- 1 Stand up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice ;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify ?
- 3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !
- 4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns he deigns to hear ;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.
- 5 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

33. (Ps. x.) C.M. ST. ALBAN'S.

Pure worship.

- 1 The offerings to thy throne, which rise
In mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice,
Unless the heart is there.

AND CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

- 2 Upon thine all-discerning ear
 May no vain words intrude,
No tribute but the vow sincere,
 The tribute of the good.
- 3 Our offerings will indeed be blest,
 If sanctified by thee ;
If thy pure spirit touch our breast
 With its own purity.
- 4 O may that spirit warm our heart
 To piety and love ;
And to life's lowliest vale impart
 Some rays from heaven above !

34. (JN. IV. 19-24.) L.M. HANDEL'S.

Universal worship.

- 1 O thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung ;
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue !
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favoured worshippers may dwell.
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well :
- 3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

HYMNS FOR BEGINNING

- 4 To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength, and beauty, bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.
- 5 O thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung !

35. (1 KI. VIII. 27-30.) C.M. BEDFORD.

God may be worshipped in every place.

- 1 The heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord ;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.
- 2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The heaven of God is there.
- 3 His presence there is spread abroad,
Through realms, thro' worlds unknown ;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

36. (Ps. CXXXII.) L.M. SAMUEL.

The earthly sabbath a type of the heavenly.

- 1 Lord of the sabbath ! hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house :
Accept, as humble sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.

AND CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

- 2 'Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there 's a nobler rest above ;
Thy servants to that rest aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.
- 3 There no fatigue, and no distress,
No sin, nor death, nor fears oppress ;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
That dwell upon immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of angry foes,
No cares shall break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin !
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin !
With joy we'll tread the appointed road,
And sleep in death,—to rest with God.

37. (GEN. XXVIII. 20-22.) C.M. IRISH.

The prayer of Jacob.

- 1 O God of Bethel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O ! spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore ;
For thou art still thy people's God,—
Their portion evermore.

38. (JN. IV. 23, 24.) C.M. BEXLEY.

Sincerity in worship.

- 1 Lord ! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.
- 2 Our contrite spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart ;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to thee in praise.

AND CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
 May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share,
 Which is not wholly thine.
- 5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
 And waft it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts 't is goodness still
 That grants it or denies.

39. (JN. XIII. 17.) C.M. ARLINGTON.

After divine service.

- 1 Again our ears have heard the voice,
 At which the dead shall live ;
O may the sound our hearts rejoice,
 And strength immortal give !
- 2 And have we heard the word with joy ?
 And have we felt its power ?
To keep it be our best employ,
 Till life's last solemn hour.

40. (MAT. XIII. 19-23.) C.M. KILDARE.

The seed of the word.

- 1 Lord of the harvest, God of grace !
 Send down thy heavenly rain ;
In vain we plant without thine aid,
 And water too in vain.
- 2 Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock,
 Where but the blade can spring,
Which, scorched with heat, becomes, by noon,
 A dead, a useless thing.

- 3 Let not the joys thy gospel gives
A transient rapture prove ;
Nor may the world, by smiles or frowns,
Our faith and hope remove.
- 4 But may our hearts, like fertile soil,
Receive the heavenly word ;
So shall our fair and ripened fruits
Their hundredfold afford.

41. (MAT. VI. 10.) C.M. MISSIONARY.

For the close of public worship.

- 1 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
In every heart of man ;
Thy peace and joy and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign !
- 2 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove ;
The perfect power of godliness,
The omnipotence of love !

42. (PS. CXLIII.) C.M. HOWARD'S.

Close of the service.

- 1 Not on this day, O God, alone,
Would we thy presence seek,
But fain its hallowing power would own,
Through all the coming week.
- 2 If calm and bright its moments prove,
Untouched by pain or woe,
May they reflect a thankful love
To thee, from whom they flow.

AND CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

- 3 Or should they bring us grief severe,
Still may we lean on thee ;
And, though our eyes let fall the tear,
At peace our spirits be.
- 4 In every scene, or dark, or bright,
Thy favour may we seek ;
And, oh ! do thou direct us right,
Through all the coming week.

43. (Ps. xvi.) C.M. ARLINGTON.

Close of evening service.

- 1 Soon will our fleeting hours be past,
And, as the setting sun
Now leaves the clouds in yonder west,
Our parting beams be gone.
- 2 May he, from whom all blessings flow,
Our sacred rites attend ;
And guide our hearts in wisdom's ways,
Till life's short journey end :
- 3 And, as the rapid sands run down,
Our virtue still improve,
Till each receive the glorious crown
Of never-fading love.

44. (2 Cor. xiii. 11, &c.) L.M. PORTUGUESE HYMN.

Parting hymn.

- 1 Lord ! now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came ;
Grant us, our few remaining days,
To work thy will and spread thy praise.

BEGINNING AND CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

- 2 Be with us in the silent night,
Be with us in the morning light,
The market-throng, the place of prayer ;
Direct and bless us everywhere.
- 3 Oh, let thy spirit on us rest !
Impress thy signet on our breast,
And grant us all to meet above,
To fill the mansions of thy love.

45. (Ps. cxxxiv.) 8s. & 7s.M. CALCUTTA.

Dismission hymn.

- 1 Lord ! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above ;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound :
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound !

46. (Ps. ciii.) P.M. DUNKIRK.

Devotion.

- 1 To thee, the Lord almighty !
Our noblest praise we give,
Who all things hast created,
And blestest all that live :
Whose goodness, never-failing,
Through countless ages gone,
For ever and for ever
Shall still keep shining on !

II.

ATTRIBUTES, PROVIDENCE, AND GRACE OF GOD.

47. (Ps. xcvi.) C.M. BETHEL.

Worship of one God.

- 1 Jehovah, great and sacred name !
Thy glory from afar
Shines in the sun's refulgent ray,
And beams in every star.
- 2 Thou art the first and thou the last,
No other God we own ;
Our fathers' God in ages past ;
We worship thee alone.
- 3 The nations long have other gods
And other lords adored ;
We know but thee, the One Supreme ;
Thou art the sovereign Lord.
- 4 May thy great name thro' earth be spread,
And all mankind confess
That thou, Jehovah, art alone
The God of righteousness.

48. (Ps. LXXXVI.) L.M. DUKESTREET.

Homage to the one God.

- 1 Eternal God, almighty cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown !
All things are subject to thy laws ;
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 To thee, the One Supreme, we bow ;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay ;
All other gods we disavow,
As idols dumb, renounce their sway.
- 3 Worship to thee alone belongs ;
Worship alone to thee we give :
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory may we live.

49. (Ps. XCVII.) L.M. PORTUGAL.

Praise to God alone.

- 1 To thee, the universal King,
Sovereign of earth, and Lord of heaven !
To thee alone our hearts we bring,
To thee alone our praise is given.
- 2 Whilst others bend the suppliant knee
To idols made with human hands,
From superstition's shackles free,
We only bow to thy commands.
- 3 Thou art, and thou art God alone !
Thee we adore, the One Supreme !
Our daily praise surrounds thy throne,
Thy goodness is our nightly theme.

AND GRACE OF GOD.

- 4 To thee alone our praise is given,
On thee, the one true God, we call,
Sovereign of earth, and Lord of heaven,
Creator, king, and judge of all !

50. (Is. I. 13-17.) L.M. SAVOY.

Acceptable worship of the one God.

- 1 All people to your God draw near
With grateful love and sacred fear ;
Humbly approach his awful throne ;
Adore the great, the holy One.
- 2 The God of love and peace demands
Lips free from guile, and spotless hands ;
Nor such oblations will receive,
As unrepenting guilt can give.
- 3 Acceptance kind shall he insure,
Whose life is just, whose heart is pure :
Like incense sweet his prayer shall rise ;
Obedience his best sacrifice.
- 4 O bend beneath the Almighty's sway !
Like Jesus, his commands obey ;
Through him approach the eternal throne ;
With him adore the unchanging One.

51. (Ps. CII.) L.M. ST. CATHERINE'S.

God eternal and unchangeable.

- 1 All-powerful, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain !
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign !

ATTRIBUTES, PROVIDENCE,

- 2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undimished lustre shine.
- 3 Fountain of being ! source of good !
Immutable thou dost remain !
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will ;
But thou for ever art the same,
I AM is thy memorial still.

52. (Ps. xc.) C.M. YORK.

The eternity of God and frailty of man.

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for those to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 3 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
'Return ye sons of men !'
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

AND GRACE OF GOD.

4 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light;
The flowers, beneath the mower's hand,
Lie withering ere 't is night.

5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for those to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home !

53. (Ps. CXXXIX.) L.M. ISLINGTON.

The omniscience and omnipresence of God.

1 Lord, thou hast searched and seen me
through !

Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Lord, how shall I escape thy sight ?
Can I conceal myself in night,
Or take the morning's wings and flee
Beyond the vast, the boundless sea ?

4 Thy spirit, Lord, is everywhere,
In heaven or hell, lo, thou art there !
The deepest darkness, in thy sight,
Shall shine around, as noon-day light.

ATTRIBUTES, PROVIDENCE,

- 5 O may this thought impress my breast,
Where'er I move, where'er I rest !
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin ;—for God is there.

54. (Ps. XLVII.) L.M. DUKESTREET.

The omnipresence of God.

- 1 Father and friend ! thy light, thy love,
Beaming through all thy works we see ;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee.
- 2 Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds, invisible,
Reignest, the Lord of life and light.
- 3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be ;
But this we know,—where'er thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell with thee.
- 4 Thy children shall not faint or fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought ;
Since thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where thou art not.

55. (Ps. CXLVII.) L.M. SABAOTH.

The world is full of God.

- 1 All that in this wide world we see,
Almighty Father, speaks of thee ;
And in the darkness, or the day,
Thy monitors surround the way.

AND GRACE OF GOD.

- 2 The winds, the lightnings of the sky,
The maladies by which we die,
The pangs that make the guilty groan,
Are angels from thy awful throne.
- 3 Each mercy sent when sorrows lower,
Each blessing of the winged hour,
All we enjoy, and all we love,
Bring with them blessings from above.

56. (Ps. CXLV. 18, 19.) 7s.M. PARIS.

God present to all who seek him.

- 1 They who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place ;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest prayer ;
God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come, and wait ;
He will answer every prayer ;
God is present everywhere.

57. (1 KI. XIX. 11, 12.) C.M. CORNISH.

God omnipresent.

- 1 O Lord ! beyond that boundless sea,
 Above that dome of sky,
 Further than thought itself can flee,
 Thy dwelling is on high ;
 Yet dear the awful thought to me,
 That thou, my God, art nigh.

- 2 Thou 'rt nigh, and yet my labouring mind
 Feels after thee in vain ;
 Thy herald is the stormy wind,
 Thy path the watery plain ;
 But thee in tempest who can find,
 Or in the trackless main ?

- 3 We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
 Through the wide fields of air ;
 The waves obey thy dread control ;
 Yet still thou art not there !
 Where shall I find him, O my soul,
 Who yet is everywhere ?

- 4 O, not in circling depth or height,
 But in the conscious breast ;
 Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
 There does his spirit rest :
 O come, thou Presence infinite !
 And make thy creature blest.

58. (LU. XII. 6, 7, 27.) L.M. JOB.

Divine presence in the minute, as in the vast.

- 1 Thou, Lord, who rearest the mountain's
height,
And makest the cliffs with sunshine bright,
O, grant that we may own thy hand
No less in every grain of sand!
- 2 With forests huge of dateless time,
Thy will has hung each peak sublime :
But withered leaves beneath the tree
Have tongues that tell as loud of thee.
- 3 Teach us that not a leaf can grow,
Till life from thee within it flow ;
That not a grain of dust can be,
O Fount of being, save by thee ;
- 4 That every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, and creed,
Hath solemn meaning from above,
Begun and ended all in love.

59. (REV. XIX. 5, 6.) L.M. BIRMINGHAM.

The Lord is King.

- 1 The Lord is King ! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice !
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord omnipotent is King !
- 2 The Lord is King ! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just ;
Holy and true are all his ways ;
Let every creature speak his praise.

ATTRIBUTES, PROVIDENCE,

- 3 Come, make your wants, your burdens known;
The contrite soul he'll ne'er disown;
And angel-bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.
- 4 O, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,—
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King!

60. (Ps. LXXXIX. 1-18.) C.M. IRISH.

The fullness of the Godhead.

- 1 O Thou that fillest heaven and earth,
Whose nature none can know,
Before thy veiled eternity
Our souls would meekly bow.
- 2 'T is not our bright or troubled thought
That can reflect thy form;
There, thou art mercy in the calm,
And vengeance in the storm.
- 3 Let us behold thee as thou art,
Even as the seraphim;
Let us not mar thy perfectness,
And make thy brightness dim.
- 4 Thou art not being, thought, or power,
Wisdom, or truth alone,—
Nor justice, mercy, love,—but all
Harmoniously in one.

AND GRACE OF GOD.

- 5 So thine own bow which spans the heavens,
Doth all the hues display,
Which, blended by thy hand, unite
To form one peerless ray.

61. (Ps. CIV.) C.M. ST. ALBAN'S.

The perfections of God adorable.

- 1 Delightful is the task to sing,
On each returning day,
The praises of our heavenly king,
And grateful homage pay.
- 2 The countless worlds which, bathed in light,
Through fields of azure move,
Proclaim his wisdom and his might,
But O! how great his love!
- 3 He deigns each broken, contrite heart
With tender care to bind;
And comfort, hope, and grace impart,
To heal the wounded mind.
- 4 All creatures, with instinctive cry,
From God implore their food;
His bounty grants a rich supply,
And fills the earth with good.
- 5 Delightful is the task, O Lord,
With each returning day,
Thy countless mercies to record,
And grateful homage pay.

62. (Ps. CXLVIII.) 7s.M. PLYMOUTH.

Homage to God from his works.

- 1 Heralds of creation ! cry ;
Praise the Lord, the Lord most high ;
Heaven and earth ! obey the call ;
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.
- 2 For he spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light ;
He commanded ;—nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.
- 3 Praise him, all ye hosts above,
Spirits perfected in love !
Sun and moon, your voices raise ;
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise !
- 4 Earth, from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow !
Lightning, vapour, wind, and storm,
Hail and snow, his will perform !
- 5 Vales and mountains, burst in song !
Rivers roll with praise along !
Birds, on wings of rapture soar,
Warble at his temple-door !
- 6 High above all height his throne ;
Excellent his name alone :
Him let all his works confess ;
Him let every being bless !

63. (PS. CVIII.) L.M. EATON.

God exalted over all.

- 1 Be thou exalted, O our God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell !
- 2 In thee alone are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown ;
All the rich blessings nature brings,
Are gifts descending from thy throne.
- 3 High o'er the earth thy goodness reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky ;
Thy truth to endless years remains,
While lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 4 Be thou exalted, O our God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell !

64. (JUDE 24, 25.) S.M. WHITEFIELD.

Praise to God the wise and good.

- 1 To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all who dwell beneath the skies,
Their humble tribute bring.
- 2 To God, the only good,
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

ATTRIBUTES, PROVIDENCE,

- 3 'T is his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 4 To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all who dwell beneath the skies,
United praises sing.

65. (Ps. xix.) L.M.D. CREATION.

The heavens declare the glory of God.

- 1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display ;
And publishes, through every land,
The work of an almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound
Among their radiant orbs be found ;

AND GRACE OF GOD.

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

66. (Ps. XIX.) P.M. DUNKIRK.

Day unto day uttereth speech.

- 1 The heavens declare his glory,
Their Maker's skill, the skies;
Each day repeats the story,
And night to night replies:
Their silent proclamation
Throughout the earth is heard,
The record of creation,
The page of nature's word.
- 2 There, from his bright pavilion,
Like eastern bridegroom clad,
Hailed by earth's thousand million,
The sun sets forth: right glad
His glorious race commencing,
The mighty giant seems,
Through the vast round dispensing
His all-pervading beams.
- 3 So pure, so soul-restoring
Is truth's diviner ray;
A brighter radiance pouring
Than all the pomp of day:
The wanderer surely guiding,
It makes the simple wise;
And evermore abiding,
Unfailing joy supplies.

67. (JOB XXVI.) C.M. MT. PLEASANT.

The majesty of God in his works.

- 1 Great nature's book is here unsealed,
Behold the glowing page !
The deepest things hath God revealed,
That could our souls engage !
- 2 Here, every eye and every ear
May the Creator trace,—
The hand invisible, that works
Unseen in every place.
- 3 Thy path is on the swelling seas,
Swept by the frightful gale,
When bravest hearts grow cold with fear,
And ruddy cheeks turn pale.
- 4 Thine is the spirit of the storm,
That desolates by night ;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Thy ministers of might.
- 5 Lord, may this lesson, truly read,
By creatures who have strayed,
Upon their minds impress this truth,
'God's laws must be obeyed.'

68. (PS. XXXIII.) C.M. HIBERNIA.

All God's works praise him.

- 1 There 's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found ;
For God is everywhere.

- 2 There 's not a cloud, whose dew's distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.
- 3 There 's not a star, whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But mercy gave it birth.
- 4 Around, within, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

69. (Ps. viii. 3-5.) L.M. PORTUGAL.

The Almighty's care for man.

- 1 Child of the earth ! O lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse ;
The glories of its realm explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore !
- 2 Mark well each little star, whose rays
In distant splendour meet thy gaze ;
Each is a world, by him sustained
Who from eternity hath reigned.
- 3 What then art *thou*, O child of clay !
Amid creation's grandeur, say ?
E'en as an insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dew-drop lost in seas.

ATTRIBUTES, PROVIDENCE,

- 4 Yet fear thou not !—the sovereign hand
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath e'en for thee a father's care.
- 5 Be thou at peace ! the all-seeing eye,
Pervading earth, and air, and sky—
The searching glance, which none may flee,
Is still in mercy turned on thee.

70. (Ps. XIX.) L.M. EATON.

God seen and heard everywhere.

- 1 Hath not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power ?
- 2 Hast thou not heard 'mid forest-glades,
While ancient rivers murmured by,
A voice from forth the eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity ?
- 3 And as upon the sacred page,
Thine eye in rapt attention turned,
O'er records of a holier age,
Hath not thy heart within thee burned ?
- 4 It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart ;
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.

- 5 Voice of our God, O yet be near !
 In low sweet accents whisper peace ;
 Direct us on our pathway here,
 Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease.

71. (Ps. LXXIV. 16, 17.) L.M. PLYMOUTH-DOCK,
' All is thine.'

- 1 Thou art, O God ! the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see ;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee :
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven ;
 Those hues, that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine !
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes ;
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine !
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
 And every flower the summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye :
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine !

ATTRIBUTES, PROVIDENCE,

75. (Ps. CIV.) C.M. GLASGOW.

Evening hymn.

- 1 The sun, bright monarch of the day,
In ocean dips his beams :
While from his brow, a parting ray,
In milder glory gleams.
- 2 The moon, pale empress of the night,
In sweet succession reigns,
And finely paints with silver-light,
Our mountains, and our plains.
- 3 The stars in beauty rise and fall,
Shining from pole to pole :
Like angels watching over all,
They charm the pious soul !
- 4 Great God ! thro' nature's varied rounds,
Thy power no limit knows,
Thy heavenly wisdom has no bounds,
Thy love paternal glows.

76. (JAS. I. 17.) 7s.M. PLYMOUTH.

Thanksgiving for social and spiritual blessings.

- 1 Homage pay to God above,
God whose nature all is love ;
In his praise your breath employ—
Gracious source of every joy !
- 2 Those who led our early youth
In the paths of love and truth,—
All who, with affection's glow,
Share our joys and griefs below,—

AND GRACE OF GOD.

3 All who e'er our wants redressed,
Or felt with sympathizing breast,—
All are blessings from above ;
All are thine, thou God of love !

4 All our hopes of life and heaven,
Through thy grace alone are given,
Bliss eternal, pure, divine,—
Every gift, O God ! is thine.

5 Homage thus to thee we bring,
Of all good exhaustless spring !
May thy praise our hearts employ,
Gracious source of every joy !

77. (Ps. CXXXVI.) P.M. NEW GREENWICH.

God's mercies of creation and redemption.

1 Give thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign king of kings,
And be his grace adored :
His power and grace are still the same ;
And let his name have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand !
What wonders hath he done !
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens, alone :
Thy mercy, Lord ! shall still endure ;
And ever sure abides thy word.

ATTRIBUTES, PROVIDENCE,

- 3 He gave his only son,
To save us from our woe,
From error, sin, and death,
From every hurtful foe :
Thy mercy, Lord ! shall still endure ;
And ever sure abides thy word.
- 4 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God, the heavenly king,
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing :
His power and grace are still the same ;
And let his name have endless praise.

78. (Ps. CXLIX.) 7s.M. PLYMOUTH.

Praise to God for his blessings.

- 1 Praise to God ! oh ! let us raise
From our hearts a song of praise ;
Of that goodness let us sing,
Whence our lives and blessings spring.
- 2 Praise to him who made the light !
Praise to him who gave us sight !
Praise to him who formed the ear !—
He our humble praise will hear.
- 3 Praise him for our happy hours,
Praise him for our varied powers,
For these hearts he made for love,
For these thoughts that soar above.
- 4 For the voice he placed within,
Bearing witness when we sin,
Praise to him, whose tender care
Keeps this watchful guardian there !

- 5 Praise the mercy that did send
 Jesus for our guide and friend :
 Praise him, every heart and voice,
 Him who makes the world rejoice !

79. (Ps. CXXI.) C.M. FRENCH.

God our preserver.

- 1 I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
 From whence doth come mine aid ;
 My safety cometh from the Lord,
 Who heaven and earth hath made.
- 2 He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
 Forbids thy feet to slide :
 Nor sleep nor slumber seals the eye
 Of God, thy guard and guide.
- 3 Arrayed in boundless power and might,
 His right hand guards thy way :
 The moon by night thee shall not smite,
 Nor yet the sun by day.
- 4 Safe shalt thou go, and safe return,
 While he thy life defends,
 Whose eyes thy every step discern,
 Whose mercy never ends.

80. (Ps. CXLV. 1.) L.M. NEW SABBATH.

God our gracious governor.

- 1 O Lord ! thou art my God and king ;
 Thee will I magnify and praise :
 I will thee bless, and gladly sing
 Unto thy holy name always.

ATTRIBUTES, PROVIDENCE,

- 2 Each day I rise I will thee bless,
And praise thy name, time without end :
Much to be praised and great God is ;
His greatness none can comprehend!
- 3 Race shall thy works praise, unto race,
The mighty acts shew done by thee ;
I will speak of the glorious grace
And honour of thy majesty.
- 4 Good unto all men is the Lord ;
O'er all his works his mercy is :
Thy works all praise to thee afford,
And all shall join thy name to bless.

81. (Is. XLV. 7.) L.M. SABAOTH.

God's love in all.

- 1 There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity.
- 2 There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait the moment, when
Thy touch shall make all bright again.
- 3 The light, the dark, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,
Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

82. (ROM. XI. 33.) C.M. WALMER.

Mysteries and mercies of providence.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

83. (PS. CVII.) L.M. NEW PORTUGAL.

God's providence and care.

- 1 Praise ye the Lord ! 't is good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise :
His nature and his works unite
To make this duty our delight.

ATTRIBUTES, PROVIDENCE,

- 2 Sing to the Lord, the just, the good—
He fills our hearts with joy and food ;
He pours his blessings from the skies,
And crowns our days with rich supplies.
- 3 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits and warm the ground ;
He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn.
- 4 'T is to his care we owe our breath ;
His mercy saves our souls from death :
Safety and health to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song !

84. (JAS. I. 17.) L.M. BRENTWOOD.

God's good providence.

- 1 Great God ! we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand :
The opening year thy mercy shews ;
Thy mercy crowns it till its close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
We are surrounded still with God :
By thy incessant bounty fed,
By thy unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And hopeful wait what thou seest fit.
- 4 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
We'll sing our father's boundless love,
With angels in the world above !

85. (Ps. xxii.) C.M. KILMARNOCK,
Gratitude for personal mercies.

- 1 When all thy mercies, O my God !
 My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom these comforts flowed.
- 3 When, in the slippery paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life,
 Thy goodness I 'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

86. (Is. xlix. 13-17.) C.M. MARTYRDOM.
God's unchanging love.

- 1 Behold, how gracious is our God !
 Hear the consoling strains,
In which he cheers our drooping hearts,
 And mitigates our pains.

ATTRIBUTES, PROVIDENCE,

- 2 ' Cease ye, when days of darkness come,
In sad dismay to mourn,
As if the Lord could leave his saints
Forsaken or forlorn.
- 3 ' Can the fond mother e'er forget
The infant whom she bore ?
And can its plaintive cries be heard,
Nor move compassion more ?
- 4 , She may forget,—nature may fail
A parent's heart to move :—
But Zion on my heart shall dwell
In everlasting love.'

87. JN. XIV. 8.) L.M. CHARD.

God our father.

- 1 Is there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their power ?
My Father ! let me turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.
- 2 Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief ?
My Father ! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.
- 3 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ ?
My Father ! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.

AND GRACE OF GOD.

- 4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The sick, nay even the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

88. (Ps. LXXIII. 23, &c.) C.M. BETHEL.

God our father.

- 1 Father! to thee our thoughts we raise,
Thy name would we adore;
Our grateful hearts would sing thy praise,
Till time shall be no more.
- 2 Thou art the father of mankind,
Their good and gracious friend;
Our happiness is all in thee;
Thy goodness knows no end.
- 3 May we endeavour to improve
The talents thou hast given,
And, through that grace which came to all,
May we attain to heaven!

89. (EZEK. XXXIV. 31.) C.M. ARLINGTON.

God our shepherd.

- 1 And has the sovereign Lord of heaven
Such loving-kindness shewn?
And will he, with a shepherd's care,
Still guard us as his own?
- 2 And will he take our weary souls
To that delightful scene,
Where rivers of salvation flow
Through pastures ever green?

ATTRIBUTES, PROVIDENCE,

- 3 O, how can mortal man repay
Such favour from above !
Or how can tongues of feeble clay
Proclaim such boundless love !

90. (Ps. XXIII.) L.M. CONFERENCE.

God our shepherd.

- 1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noonday walks he will attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds, I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile ;
The dreary wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill ;
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

91. (Ps. xxiii.) C.M. KILMARNOCK.

God our shepherd.

- 1 The Lord 's my shepherd ; I'll not want :
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green ; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
- 2 My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for his own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill ;
For thou art with me ; and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me ;
And in God's house, for evermore,
My dwelling-place shall be.

92. (Rom. x. 11-13.) C.M. OLDHAM.

The grace of God universal.

- 1 Through every clime God's care extends :
He makes his mercies known
To every penitent, who bends
At his paternal throne.
- 2 The slave, who, sunk beneath the weight
Of base oppression, lies,
Knows not the want of rank or state,
In God's impartial eyes.

ATTRIBUTES, PROVIDENCE,

- 3 Nor country, age, nor rank restrains
His universal care :
Above, his boundless mercy reigns,
Around, and everywhere.
- 4 Delightful solace of the mind !
Transcendent gift of grace !
Where is the heart that shall not find
In God a resting-place ?

93. (Ps. CXXXVI.) L.M. NEW PORTUGAL.
Divine power and grace.

- 1 Give to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 3 He sent his son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

94. (Ps. XIX.) 8s. & 7s. M.D. HAYDN'S.

Praise to the God of nature and of grace.

- 1 Praise the Lord ! ye heavens, adore him,
Praise him, angels in the height,
Sun and moon, rejoice before him,
Praise him, all ye stars of light !
Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious,
Never shall his promise fail ;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail ;
Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high ! his power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth and all creation !
Praise and magnify his name.

III.

CHRIST AND HIS GOSPEL.

95. (IS. LII.) 7s.M. PARIS.

Glory to God.

- 1 In the Saviour's name we bring
Glory to our God and king ;
Glory for the truth and grace,
Poured upon our sinful race.
- 2 Glory for the blessed light,
Rising on the ancient night ;
Glory for the hopes that come
Shining through the dreary tomb.
- 3 Meet and right it is to sing
Glory to our God and king ;
Glory for the gospel given,
Guiding us, in peace, to heaven.
- 4 Join, ye saints ! with awe profound ;
Angels ! help the solemn sound ;
Publish, through the world abroad,
Glory, glory to our God.

CHRIST AND HIS GOSPEL.

96. (PS. XX. 5.) C.M. SALVATION.

Rejoicing in the hope of salvation.

- 1 Salvation ! O the joyful sound !
'T is music to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation ! O the power and grace,
That here triumphant reign,
To raise from death our sinful race
To life and God again !
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
And all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

97. (EPH. II. 5.) S.M. CRANBROOK.

By grace ye are saved.

- 1 Grace—'t is a charming sound—
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear !
- 2 'T was grace created man,
And formed his soul for heaven,
And when, through sin, he fell from God,
By grace new hopes were given.
- 3 Grace taught our wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And fresh supplies each hour we meet,
While travelling home to God !

- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Of everlasting love,
And raise us, with the lamb of God,
To his own throne above.

98. (P^s. LXVIII. 11, &c.) L.M. DERBY.

Divine love displayed in the blessings of the gospel.

- 1 To thee, my heart, eternal king,
Would now its thankful tribute bring;
To thee its humble homage raise,
In songs of ardent, grateful praise.
- 2 All nature shows thy boundless love,
In worlds below, in worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
The richer glories of thy grace.
- 3 There, what delightful truths are given!
There, Jesus shews the way to heaven;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my trust, and checks my fear.
- 4 There, Jesus bids our sorrows cease,
And gives the labouring conscience peace,
Raises our grateful feelings high,
And points to mansions in the sky.
- 5 For love like this, oh may my song
Through endless years thy praise prolong;
And distant climes thy name adore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more!

99. (Ps. II. 6.) P.M. ADVENT.*The Lord's anointed.*

- 1 Hail to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down, like showers,
Upon the fruitful earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 3 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The mountain-dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.
- 4 For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove :
His name shall stand for ever,
His great, best name of love.

100. (LU. IV. 18, 19.) C.M. MISSIONARY.

Joy on the coming of Christ.

- 1 Hark the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long ;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song !
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes ! the prisoners to relieve,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes ! from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes ! the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure ;
And with the treasures of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.

- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

101. (LU. II. 8.) L.M. WATCHNIGHT.

The nativity.

- 1 When Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill,
When Bethlehem's shepherds, thro' the night,
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light ;
- 2 Hark ! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.
- 3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious host of Zion came ;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung :
- 4 ' O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again,
The prince of Salem comes to reign.
- 5 ' He comes, to cheer the trembling heart ;
Bids Satan and his host depart ;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.'

102. (LU. II. 13, 14.) 8s & 7s.M. CALCUTTA.

Song of the angels at Bethlehem.

- 1 Hark ! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
Lo ! the angelic host rejoices ;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chaunt in hymns of joy :
' Glory in the highest, glory !
Glory be to God most high !
- 3 ' Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found :
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven !
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 ' Christ is born, the heaven-appointed ;
Heaven and earth, his praises sing !
O receive the great anointed,
For your prophet, priest, and king !
- 5 Sons of men, repeat the story ;
Sing the gladness of his birth ;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

103. (MAT. III. 17.) C.M. OLDHAM.

The baptism of Jesus.

- 1 See from on high a light divine
On Jesus' head descend ;
And hear the sacred voice from heaven,
That bids us all attend.

CHRIST AND HIS GOSPEL.

- 2 ' This is my well-beloved Son,'
Proclaimed the voice divine;
' Hear him,' his heavenly Father said,
' For all his words are mine.'
- 3 The path of heavenly peace he showed,
That leads to bliss on high,
Where all who follow in his steps,
Shall live, no more to die.
- 4 O may we then, who own him Lord,
His holy mind possess,
His truth, his zeal, his active love,
His perfect righteousness!

104. (REV. XXII. 17-20.) S.M. CRANBROOK.

Coming to Christ.

- 1 The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, ' Sinner come !'
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, ' Come !'
- 2 Let him that heareth say,
To all about him, ' Come !'
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come ;
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'T is Jesus bids him come.

CHRIST AND HIS GOSPEL.

- 4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, 'I quickly come ;'
Lord, even so ! I wait thine hour ;
Jesus, my Saviour, come !

105. (LU. IV. 16-22.) L.M. DUKESTREET.

Jesus teaching the people.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound,
From lips of gentleness and grace !
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place !
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 'Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest !'
Yes ! sacred teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust !
Pillars of earthly pride, decay !
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

106. (JN. XV. 12, &c.) C.M. MARTYRDOM.

The new commandment.

- 1 Behold, where, breathing love divine,
Our dying master stands !
His weeping followers, gathering round,
Receive his last commands.

- 2 From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell !
The gentle precept which he gave,
Became its author well.
- 3 'Blest is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain :
- 4 'Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger's woe to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 5 'Who spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief ;
Whose secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.
- 6 'To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe !
- 7 'Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give ;
And, when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.'

107. (LU. VII. 22.) C.M. BEXLEY.

The gospel preached to the poor.

- 1 It is not rank, or power, or state,
That hope of heaven supplies,
That makes the immortal spirit great,
And fits it for the skies.

5.2	7.6	8.4
15.7	8.8	16.3
3.8	6.1	4.0

ATTRIBUTES, PROVIDENCE,

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 And crowns our days with rich supplies.
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God's unchanging love.

- 1 Behold, how gracious is our God !
Hear the consoling strains,
In which he cheers our drooping hearts,
And mitigates our pains.

CHRIST AND HIS GOSPEL.

- 2 Oh ! who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light !
Oh ! who like thee, did ever go
So patient through a world of woe !
- 3 Oh ! who like thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before ;
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility !
- 4 The bending angels stooped to see
The lisping infant clasp thy knee,
And smile, as in a father's eye,
Upon thy mild divinity.
- 5 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scorn, and scoff to thee :
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

111. (PHIL. II. 5.) L.M. ROCHFORD.

Christ's example.

- 1 And is the gospel peace and love,
Wisdom, and meek simplicity ?
The serpent blended with the dove ?
Such let our conversation be !
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life !

- 3 Oh how benevolent and kind,
How mild, how ready to forgive !
Be his the temper of our mind,
Be his the rules by which we live.

112. (JN. VI. 20.) L.M. ISLINGTON.

'It is I: be not afraid.'

- 1 When power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,
'Lo, it is I: be not afraid.'
- 2 So, when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove—
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.
- 3 Blest be the voice that breathes from heaven
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled,—
'Lo, it is I: be not afraid.'
- 4 God calms the tumult and the storm ;
He rules the seraph and the worm :
No creature is by him forgot,
Of those who know, or know him not.
- 5 And when the last dread hour shall come,
While shuddering nature waits her doom,
This voice shall call the pious dead,—
'Lo, it is I: be not afraid.'

113. (LU. VIII. 22-36.) C.M. OXFORD.

The voice of Jesus to the sinner.

- 1 The winds were howling o'er the deep,
Each wave a watery hill :
The Saviour wakened from his sleep ;
He spake, and all was still.
- 2 The madman in a tomb had made
His mansion of despair :
Woe to the traveller who strayed
With heedless footsteps there !
- 3 He met that glance so thrilling sweet,
He heard those accents mild ;
And, melting at Messiah's feet,
Wept like a weaned child.
- 4 O, madder than the raving man !
O, deafer than the sea !
How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain to me !
- 5 Yet, could I hear him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks he should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.
- 6 O God, that every thought canst know,
And answer every prayer !
O give me sickness, want, or woe,
But snatch me from despair !
- 7 My struggling will by grace control ;
Renew my broken vow ;—
What blessed light breaks on my soul ?
O Lord ! I hear thee now.

114. (JN. VIII. 12.) S.M. PECKHAM.

Christ the light of the world.

- 1 Behold ! the Prince of peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved son fulfils
The sure, prophetic word.
- 2 No royal pomp adorns
This king of righteousness :
Lo ! meekness, patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.
- 3 Jesus ! thou light of men !
Thy doctrine life imparts :
O, may we feel its quickening power,
To warm and glad our hearts !
- 4 Cheered by thy beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way :
The path, which thou hast marked and trod,
Will lead to endless day.

115. (IS. LIX. 16.) 8s. & 7s.M. JUDGMENT.

Redemption of the world by Jesus Christ.

- 1 On a world in darkness lying,
Light from heaven in splendour rose ;
And to wretched sinners dying,
Came a healer of their woes.
- 2 None appeared from earth to favour,
None to pity, none to save ;
When from heaven appeared a Saviour !
God a great deliverer gave.

CHRIST AND HIS GOSPEL.

- 3 O receive this great salvation,
Light and glory from above ;
And let every tongue and nation
Celebrate the Saviour's love !

116. (JN. I. 17.) S.M. FALCONSTREET.
Grace through Christ.

- 1 Raise your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.
- 2 Pardon and peace from heaven,
Jesus proclaims abroad,
And brings to erring, guilty man,
Sure mercy from his God.
- 3 Now, sinners, dry your tears !
Let hopeless sorrows cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.
- 4 Lord ! we obey thy call :
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast sent,
And love and praise thy name !

117. (COL I. 13, &c.) C.M. CORNISH.
The gospel a glorious light.

- 1 The gospel, like another sun,
Shines with a glorious light,
Dispelling from our darkened minds,
The gloom of ancient night.

- 2 What blessed truths this book reveals !
What hope its pages give !
Pardon and peace the gospel brings,
And bids the sinner live.
- 3 The Father's grace, the Saviour's love,
Adorn the sacred page ;
To guide our youth, to cheer the steps
Of our declining age.
- 4 The spirit-land it shows to man,
Where Jesus reigns above,
Where souls meet souls in realms of bliss,
As boundless as his love.

118. (MAL. IV. 2.) L.M. EATON.

Christ, the sun of righteousness.

- 1 To thee, O God, we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day !
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays, and speaks thy name.
- 2 In louder strains we sing that grace,
Which gives the sun of righteousness,
Whose nobler light salvation spreads,
And beams of heavenly mercy sheds.
- 3 Oh, may his glories stand confest,
From north to south, from east to west !
Successful may his gospel run,
Wide as the circuit of the sun !

119. (REV. XIV. 4.) 7s.M. PARIS.

Christ our leader.

- 1 Children of the heavenly king,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Lord, obediently we 'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

120. (JN. XIV. 6.) L.M.D. CREATION.

Christ the way, the truth, and the life.

- 1 Thou art the way—and he who sighs
Amid this starless waste of woe,
To find a pathway to the skies,
A light from heaven's eternal glow,
By thee must come, thou gate of love,
Through which the saints undoubting trod ;
Till faith discovers, like the dove,
An ark, a resting-place in God.
- 2 Thou art the truth—whose steady day
Shines on through earthly blight and bloom ;
The pure, the everlasting ray,
The lamp that shines e'en in the tomb.

The light that out of darkness springs,
And guideth those that blindly go ;
The word, whose precious radiance flings
Its lustre upon all below.

- 3 Thou art the life—the blessed well
With living waters gushing o'er ;
Which those who drink shall ever dwell
Where sin and thirst are known no more ;
Thou art the mystic pillar given,
Our lamp by night, our light by day ;
Thou art the sacred bread from heaven—
Thou art the life—the truth—the way.

121. (JN. X.) S.M. BOLSTER'S.

The good shepherd and his flock.

- 1 Green pastures and clear streams,
Freedom and quiet rest,
Christ's flock enjoy,—beneath his beams,
Or in his shadow, blest.
- 2 Secure, amidst alarms,
From violence or snares,
The lambs he gathers in his arms,
And in his bosom bears.
- 3 The wounded and the weak
He comforts, heals and binds ;
The lost he came from heaven to seek,
And saves them when he finds.
- 4 Conflicts and trials done,
His glory they behold,
Where Jesus and his flock are one,
One shepherd and one fold !

122. (MAT. VIII. 20.) L.M. SABAOTH.

The son of man hath not where to lay his head.

- 1 O'er the dark wave of Galilee,
The gloom of twilight gathers fast ;
And on the waters drearily,
Descends the fitful evening blast.
- 2 The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest ;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.
- 3 Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind ;
And on his lone, unsheltered head,
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.
- 4 Why seeks he not a home of rest ?
Why seeks he not a pillowed bed ?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest ;
He hath not where to lay his head.
- 5 Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race ;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

123. (MARK XIV., XV., XVI.) 7s.M. TURIN.

Christ our example in suffering.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power :
Your Redeemer's conflict see ;
Watch with him, one bitter hour :
Turn not from his griefs away ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall ;
View the Lord of life arraigned ;
O the wormwood, and the gall !
O the pangs his soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
Love's own sacrifice complete ;
'It is finished,' hear him cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay :
All is solitude and gloom ;—
Who hath taken him away ?
Christ is risen ; he seeks the skies :
Thither learn of him to rise.

124. (1 PET. II. 21.) 8s. & 7s.M. MARINER'S.

Christ's example under trials.

- 1 Lord, in every time of trial,
When our hearts are most distressed,
Thy dark sorrows we 'll remember,
And dispose our own to rest.
- 2 When our worldly means are wasting,
When stern poverty we dread ;
Lord, we 'll not forget thou hadst not
Even where to lay thy head.

- 3 When our earthly trusts deceive us,
When old friends forsake our side;
Lord, we'll turn to thee deserted,
Thee betrayed, and thee denied.
- 4 When our generous zeal is thwarted,
Mocked our mercy, spurned our good;
Lord, we'll think of thee, for sinners
Pouring forth thy precious blood.
- 5 Yea, in every time of trial,
When our hearts are most distressed,
Thy dark sorrows we'll remember,
And dispose our own to rest.

125. (HEB. IV. 16.) L.M. EATON.

Christ our help in time of need.

- 1 When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I'll lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my grief, allays my fears,
And counts, and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If ought should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To leave the good I should pursue,
Or do the thing I should not do;
My Lord, who felt temptation's power,
Preserve me in that trying hour!

- 3 And oh ! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Unchanging Saviour, watch beside
My painful bed, for thou hast died !
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away !

126. (MAT. XXVI.) L.M. ST. BARNABAS.

' With his stripes we are healed.'

- 1 A voice upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth in agony of prayer,
' O Father ! take this cup away !'
2 Ah ! thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray ;
And earth, for all her children, saith,
' O God ! take *not* this cup away !'
3 O Lord of sorrow ! meekly die ;
Thou 'lt heal or hallow all our woe ;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh ;
Thy peace revive the faint and low.
4 O king of earth ! the cross ascend ;
O'er climes and ages 't is thy throne :
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms, and is thine own.

127. (IS. LIII. 7 & JN. I. 36..) S.M. BOLSTER'S.

Behold the lamb of God.

- 1 Behold the lamb of God !
In him no spot we see ;
How patient, gentle, meek, and mild,
Perfect in purity !

2 Behold the lamb of God
Led to the sacrifice !
And silent as the sheep, that dumb
Before its shearer lies.

3 Behold this spotless lamb !
And mark the path he trod ;
That blessed road will surely lead
To happiness and God.

128. (MAT. XXVII. 28-31.) P.M. FRANKFORT.

We love him because he first loved us.

1 O sacred head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns thine only crown ;
O sacred head, what glory,
What bliss should e'er be thine !
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What language shall I borrow,
To thank thee, dearest friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end !
O, make me thine forever,
And, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love for thee.

129. (JN. XIX. 30.) L.M. LUTHER'S.

'It is finished.'

- 1 'T is finished !' so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died :
'T is finished !' yes ; the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'T is finished !' all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old ;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.
- 3 'T is finished !' son of God ! thy power
Hath triumphed in the awful hour ;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

130. (MAT. XXVII. 39-50.) 7s.M.D. CRUCIFIXION.

The crucified.

- 1 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he ?
By the cheek so pale and worn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the drooping, death-dewed brow,
Son of man, 't is thou ! 't is thou !
- 2 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is he ?
By the last and bitter cry,
The life breathed out in agony ;

By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead ;
Crucified ! we know thee now ;
Son of man ! 't is thou ! 't is thou !

- 3 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is he ?
By the prayer for them that slew,
' Lord ! they know not what they do :
By the sealed and guarded cave,
By the spoiled and empty grave ;
By that clear, immortal brow,
Son of God ! 't is thou ! 't is thou !

131. (2 TIM. I. 12.) C.M. DEVIZES.

Glorying in the cross of Christ.

- 1 I 'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the glory of his cross,
And honour all his laws.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord ! I know his name,
His name is all my boast ;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 I know that safe with him remains,
Protected by his power,
What I 've committed to his trust,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own his servant's name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

132. (ROM. VIII. 35.) L.M. WINCHESTER.

Glorying in a crucified Saviour.

- 1 Ashamed of Jesus—can it be!
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor,
O may I scorn it more, and more!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name!
- 3 Till then, (nor is my boasting vain,)
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain;
And, O! may this my portion be,
That Saviour's not ashamed of me!

133. (GAL. VI. 14.) 8s. & 7s.M. ALMA.

The cross.

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime!
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me,—
 Lo, it glows with peace and joy!
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon our way;
From the cross, the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.

CHRIST AND HIS GOSPEL.

- 4 Bane and blessing, peace and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime !

134. (MARK XVI. 1-6.) 7s.M. PARIS.

Christ risen, and death vanquished.

- 1 Angel ! roll the rock away ;
Death ! yield up thy mighty prey ;
See the Saviour, from the tomb
Rising in immortal bloom.
- 2 Mortals raise the rapturous song ;
Let the strains be sweet and strong ;
Hail the son of God, this morn,
From his sepulchre new-born !
- 3 Powers of heaven, seraphic choirs !
Sing, and sweep your sounding lyres ;
Sons of men ! in joyful strain
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.
- 4 Every note with wonder swell ;
Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell !
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king ?

135. (ROM. VI. 9, 10.) 7s.M. NEW GREENOCK.

The resurrection of Christ.

- 1 Raise your joys and triumphs high !
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply ;
Sons of men, and angels say,
' Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day !
- 2 ' Love's redeeming work is done ;
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell.
- 3 ' Lives again our glorious king ;
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Once he died, all men to save ;
Where 's thy victory, boasting grave' ?

136. (PS. XVI.) P.M. TRIUMPH.

Easter.

- 1 Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die ;
Vain were the terrors that gathered around
him,
And short the dominion of death and the
grave ;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that
bound him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save :
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
' The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not
die !'

- 2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy !
 The being he gave us, death cannot destroy ;
 Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
 If tears were our birthright, and death were
 our end ;
 But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of
 sorrow,
 And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend :
 Lift, then, your voices, in triumph, on high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die !

137. (LU. XXIV.) L.M. BIRMINGHAM.

' Christ hath risen.'

- 1 Be joy on earth ! for Israel's child
 The dreary chain of death hath riven,
 And man to God hath reconciled,
 And brought the wanderer back to heaven.
- 2 Be joy on earth ! for darkness now
 No more shall cloud the anxious mind ;
 The light, that rose on Calvary's brow,
 Shall shed its beams on all mankind.
- 3 Be joy on earth ! let Judah's race
 With gloomy doubts be vexed no more ;
 For Christ hath risen, life ne'er shall cease,
 And false the Sadducean's lore.
- 4 Be joy on earth ! the truth is known !
 Death hath no power, the grave no chain,
 The sceptic's doubts are now o'erthrown,
 Our life and youth shall come again.

CHRIST AND HIS GOSPEL.

- 5 Be joy on earth ! the Saviour's love
This hope to all our race hath given ;
He came to teach, and died to prove
That man shall rise, and rise to heaven !

138. (HEB. XIII. 20, 21.) C.M. AUBURN.

Spiritual influence of Christ's resurrection.

- 1 Father of peace and God of love !
We own thy power to save,
That power by which our shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 Him from the dead thou brought'st again,
When, by his sacred blood,
Confirmed and sealed for evermore,
The eternal covenant stood.
- 3 O may thy spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep thy precepts still ;
- 4 That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer still may rise,
And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in thine eyes.

139. (COL. III. 1, 3.) C.M. DEVIZES.

Christ in heaven.

- 1 Messiah now is gone before
To the blest realms of light :
O thither may our spirits soar,
And wing their upward flight !

- 2 Lord ! make us to those joys aspire,
That spring from love to thee,
That pass the carnal heart's desire,—
And faith alone can see.
- 3 To guide us to thy glories, Lord !
To lift us to the sky,
Oh, may thy spirit still be poured
Upon us from on high !

140. (HEB. IV. 14–16.) L.M. PORTUGAL.

The sympathizing high-priest.

- 1 He who for our salvation stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the friend of man.
- 2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 3 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies, and cries.
- 4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The man of sorrows had a part ;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

- 5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known ;
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

141. (COL. III. 4, &c.) C.M. GREENHEAD.

Christ's first and second coming.

- 1 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue !
His love, revealed in Christ, demands
An ever-grateful song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus came
A sinful world to save ;
From guilt and darkness to reclaim,
And rescue from the grave.
- 3 Again he comes, with mighty voice,
To wake the numerous dead,
And call his followers to rejoice
With him, their only head.
- 4 When he, who is our life, draws near,
And we his glories view,
His faithful servants shall appear
With him in glory too.

142. (REV. I. 7.) P.M. JUDGMENT.

Judgment-hymn.

- 1 Lo, he comes, in clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain !
Thousand, thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train :
Hallelujah !
Christ appears on earth to reign !

- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
 Robed in dreadful majesty :
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Sinners, why delay repentance ?
 Mercy still to you is free !
 Will ye brave the awful sentence—
 Awful day we all must see ?
 Turn to Jesus,—
 ‘Leave your sins and turn to me !’

143. (REV. VI. 12, &c.) L.M. ISLINGTON.
Christ's second coming.

- 1 The Lord shall come ! the earth shall quake,
 The mountains to their centre shake ;
 And withering from the vault of night,
 The stars shall pale their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord shall come ! a dreadful form,
 With rainbow-wreath and robes of storm,
 On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,
 Appointed judge of all mankind.
- 3 Can this be he, who wont to stray,
 A pilgrim on the world's highway,
 Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
 The Nazarene,—the crucified ?
- 4 While sinners in despair shall call,
 ‘Rocks hide us ; mountains on us fall !’
 The saints, ascending from the tomb,
 Shall joyful sing, ‘The Lord is come !’

144. (Is. LV.) C.M. PEMBROKE.

'Living waters.'

- 1 Ho ! ye that thirst, approach the spring
 Whence living waters flow !
Free to that sacred fountain all
 Without a price may go.
- 2 How long to streams of false delight
 Will ye in crowds repair ?
How long your strength and substance waste
 On trifles, light as air ?
- 3 My stores afford those rich supplies
 That health and pleasure give ;
Incline your ear, and come to me ;
 The soul that hears shall live.

145. (Is. ix. 2-8.) C.M. MISSIONARY.

The dominion of the gospel.

- 1 The race, that long in darkness pined,
 Have seen a glorious light ;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
 In death's surrounding night.
- 2 To hail thy rise, thou better sun !
 The gathering nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
 The harvest-treasures home.
- 3 To us a child of hope is born,
 To us a son is given ;
Him shall the tribes of earth revere,
 Him all the hosts of heaven.

- 4 His power increasing still shall spread,
 His reign no end shall know ;
 Justice shall guard his throne above,
 And peace abound below.

146. (JN. XIV. 23-27.) 7s.M. ANGELS'.

Gospel-invitations.

- 1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
 Come, and make my paths your choice ;
 I will guide you to your home ;
 Weary pilgrim, hither come !
- 2 Thou, who, friendless and forlorn,
 Long hast felt the proud world's scorn,
 Long hast roamed the barren waste,
 Weary pilgrim, hither haste !
- 3 Ye, who, tossed on beds of pain,
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
 Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes
 Watch to see the morning rise ;
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
 In remorse for guilt who mourn,
 Here repose your heavy care ;
 A wounded spirit who can bear !
- 5 Sinner, come ! for here is found
 Balm, that flows for every wound ;
 Peace, that ever shall endure ;
 Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

147. (MAT. XI. 28-30) C.M. NEW LONDON.

Christ's invitation to sinners.

- 1 Come unto me, all ye who mourn,
With guilt and fears opprest ;
Resign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.
- 2 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
A meek and lowly mind ;
And thus your weary troubled souls
Repose and peace shall find.
- 3 For light and gentle is my yoke ;
The burthen I impose
Shall ease the heart that groaned before,
Beneath a load of woes.

148. (EZEK. XVIII. 30-32.) 7s.M. PARIS.

Turn ye, turn ye ! why will ye die ?

- 1 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?
God your maker asks you why :
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live !
- 2 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?
God your father asks you why :
He who calls you from above,
Wooes you to embrace his love !
- 3 Sinners, turn ; why will ye die ?
Christ your Saviour asks you why :
Christ, who loved you unto death,
Calls you with his dying breath !

- 4 Will you let him die in vain?
 Crucify your lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace and die?

149. (LU. VI. 31-42.) L.M. TRANQUILLITY.

Compassion for the sinful.

- 1 Benignant Saviour! 't was not thine
 To spurn the erring from thy sight;
 Nor did thy smile of love divine
 Turn from the penitent its light.
- 2 O then, shall we, who own thy name,
 A brother's fault too sternly view?
 Or think thy holy law can blame
 The tear, to human frailty due?
- 3 May we, while human guilt awakes
 Upon our cheek the generous glow,
 Spare the offender's heart, that breaks
 Beneath its load of shame and woe.
- 4 Conscious of frailty, may we yield
 Forgiveness of the wrongs we bear;
 And strive the penitent to shield
 From further sin or dark despair.
- 5 And when our own offences weigh
 Upon our hearts with anguish sore,
 Lord! let thy sparing mercy say,
 'In peace depart, but sin no more.'

150. (JN. XIV. 6.) P.M. CONSOLATION.

Christ the way to heaven.

- 1 There is no path to heavenly bliss,
Or solid joy or lasting peace,
But Christ the appointed road :
Oh ! may we tread the sacred way,
By faith rejoice, and praise and pray,
Till we sit down with God.
- 2 The types and shadows of the word
Unite in Christ, the man, the Lord,
The Saviour just and true ;
Oh ! may we all his word believe,
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do.

151. (LU. XXII. 43.) P.M. RESIGNATION.

The prayer of the sorrowing.

- 1 Father ! that in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son ;
- 2 O, by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief ;
Or to the chastened, let thy might
Hallow this grief !
- 3 And thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
' Thy will be done !'

- 4 By thy meek spirit, thou, of all
 That e'er have mourned, the chief,—
 Thou Saviour! if the stroke *must* fall,
 Hallow this grief.

152. (HEB. II. 10.) 7s.M. MT. SINAI.

Prayer to the God of the crucified.

- 1 When our heads are bowed with woe,
 When our bitter tears o'erflow,
 When we mourn the lost, the dear,
 Gracious God of Jesus! hear.
- 2 He our throbbing flesh hath worn,
 He our mortal griefs hath borne,
 He hath shed the human tear;
 Heir of Jesus! hush thy fear.
- 3 When the sullen death-bell tolls
 For our own departed souls;
 When our final doom is near,
 Gracious God of Jesus! hear.
- 4 He hath bowed the dying head;
 He the blood of life hath shed;
 He hath filled a mortal bier:
 Heir of Jesus! hush thy fear.
- 5 When the heart is sad within
 With the thought of all its sin;
 When the spirit shrinks with fear;
 Gracious God of Jesus! hear.

- 6 He the spirit's strife hath known,
 He the spirit's victory won ;
 He hath now no grief to bear ;
 Heir of Jesus ! hush thy fear.

153. (ROM. VIII. 31, &c.) C.M. PEMBROKE.

Jesus the pledge of God's love.

- 1 Let Christian faith and hope dispel
 The fears of guilt and woe ;
 The Lord almighty is our friend,—
 And who can prove a foe ?
- 2 He who his Son, most dear and loved,
 Gave up for us to die,—
 Shall he not all things freely give,
 That goodness can supply ?
- 3 Behold the best, the greatest gift
 Of everlasting love !
 Behold the pledge of peace below,
 And perfect bliss above !
- 4 The Saviour died, but rose again
 Triumphant from the grave ;
 And pleads our cause at God's right hand,
 Omnipotent to save.
- 5 Who then can e'er divide us more
 From Jesus and his love,
 Or break the sacred chain that binds
 The earth to heaven above ?

- 4 Soon may all tribes be blest
 With fruit from life's glad tree ;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
 Sons of one family.
- 5 Come, kingdom of our God !
 And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
 Where God shall bless his own.

157. (1 PET. I. 8.) 7s.M. MELVILLE.

Rejoicing in Christ.

- 1 Sweet thy memory, Saviour blest,
In the true believer's breast :
Musing on thy precious name,
Purest joys his heart inflame.
- 2 By the ear or tuneful tongue,
Nought so sweet is heard or sung ;
Nought the mind can dwell upon,
Sweet as God's beloved Son.
- 3 Thou, the contrite sinner's stay,
Who thy goodness can display ?
How to those who seek thee kind !
What, ah ! what, to those who find !
- 4 Tongue can speak not their delight,
Nor can pen of man indite ;
None can know, but they who prove,
What it is their Lord to love.

CHRIST AND HIS GOSPEL.

158. (REV. V. 11-13.) C.M. DESERT.

Praise to Christ, the lamb of God.

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne,
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their hearts are one.
- 2 'Worthy the lamb that died !' they cry,
'To be exalted thus ;'
'Worthy the lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
Let air, and earth, and seas
Conspire to raise his glories high,
And speak his endless praise.

159. (PS. LXXII.) L.M. PERU.

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

- 1 Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 Through him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

CHRIST, AND HIS GOSPEL.

- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Rise then, ye sons of men, and bring
Your choicest honours to our king :
Angels, descend with songs again,
And earth, repeat the long ' amen !'

IV.

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

160. (JAS. IV. 14, &c.) C.M. WALSAL.
Shortness of life.

- 1 Time, what an empty vapour 't is !
Our days, how swift they are !
Swift as a winged arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.
- 2 Thousands of years, almighty Power !
Are moments in thy sight ;
Day passes day, as flits the hour
That marks the watch of night.
- 3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever near ;
And, hovering round us from our birth,
His messengers appear.
- 4 Teach then our souls, life's little space
With wisdom's eye to see ;
And waft them, on the wings of grace,
To glory and to thee.

161. (JOB VII.) C.M. CAROLINE.

Frailty and mortality of man.

- 1 Our wasting lives are shortening still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Still leaves the number less.
- 2 For time rolls round, and steals away
The breath which first it gave;
Where'er we are, whate'er we do,
We 're travelling to the grave.
- 3 Our frame contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone:
Strange, that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long!

162. (JOB XIV. 1-15.) C.M. ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S.

Life short, &c.

- 1 Few are thy days, and full of woe,
O man of woman born!
Thy doom is written, 'Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return.'
- 2 Behold the emblem of thy state,
In flowers that bloom and die;
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
That mocks the gazer's eye.
- 3 Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

- 4 So, to the dreary grave consigned,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until the eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

163. (2 COR. VI. 2.) S.M. WIRKSWORTH.

Uncertainty of life.

- 1 To-morrow, Lord! is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our lives away;
Oh! make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day!
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thy almighty power,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care;
Oh be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

164. (1 COR VII. 29.) C.M. BEXLEY.

Improving the time.

- 1 While earth's gay scene attracts thy sight,
Thy reason let it warn,—
And seize—O seize the precious time,
That never will return!

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

- 2 If idly spent, no art or care
The blessing can restore ;
And heaven exacts a strict account
Of every misspent hour.
- 3 Short is our longest day of life,
And soon its prospects end ;
But on that day's uncertain date,
Eternal years depend.
- 4 As time and talent we improve,—
The gifts and graces given ;—
Our every moment thus employed,
Secures an age in heaven.

165. (COL. III. 1, 2.) C.M. BALLERMA.

Heaven and earth contrasted.

- 1 Come, let us leave our earthly cares,
And turn to things on high ;
Should worldly treasures wean our souls
From those beyond the sky ?
- 2 Here all our pleasures soon are past,
Our brightest joys decay ;
But pleasures there for ever last,
And cannot fade away.
- 3 Here many a pain and bitter groan
Our feeble bodies tear ;
But pain and sickness are not known,
And never shall be, there.

- 4 Here sins and sorrows we deplore,
With many cares distress ;
But there the mourners weep no more,
And there the weary rest.
- 5 Our dearest friends, when death shall call,
The summons must obey ;
But there we hope to meet them all,
In everlasting day.
- 6 With all our heart, and soul and strength,
Let us now serve the Lord ;
And all the promised joys of heaven
Shall be our rich reward.

166. (1 PET. I. 24, 25.) C.M. HOWARD'S.
Earthly and heavenly joys.

- 1 These mortal joys, how soon they fade !
How swift they fly away !
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day !
- 2 But there are joys that never die,
Which God lays up in store ;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.
- 3 To these my rising heart aspires,
Secure to find its rest :
It glories in such pure desires,
Of all it wished, possessed.

- 4 The seeds, which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above,
To ample harvests grow !

167. (1 PET. I. 24.) L.M.P. NEW EATON.

Vanity of the world.

- 1 Alas ! how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth,
That lure us here :—
Dreams of a sleep that death must break :
Alas ! before it bids us wake,
They disappear.
- 2 Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that rolled so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone ?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and woe,
When age comes on.
- 3 Our birth is but a starting-place ;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal :
There all those glittering toys are brought ;
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.
- 4 O, let the soul its slumbers break,
Arouse its senses, and awake
To see how soon
Life, like its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

168. (HEB. XIII. 14.) L.M. HANDEL'S 100.

No abiding city here.

- 1 'We've no abiding city here : '—
This may distress the worldling's mind ;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find !
- 2 'We've no abiding city here : '—
Sad truth, were this to be our home ;
But let this thought our spirits cheer,—
We seek a city yet to come !
- 3 'We've no abiding city here : '—
Then be our treasures hid above :
We walk by faith, as children dear,
Who hasten to the home they love.
- 4 'We've no abiding city here,'—
And this is but our day of grace :
We follow to that higher sphere,
Where Jesus has prepared a place.

169. (JAS. IV. 14.) C.M. CAROLINE.

Warnings of frailty and immortality.

- 1 Beneath our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given :
Beneath us lie the countless dead ;
Above us is the heaven.
- 2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower ;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

- 3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.
- 4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb ;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come ?
- 5 Turn, mortal, turn ! thy danger know :
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.
- 6 Turn, Christian, turn ! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given ;
The boundless fields of light on high
Remind thee of thy heaven.

170. (EPH. v. 16.) S.M. BOLSTER'S.

Redeeming the time.

- 1 Let not a moment pass
Unnoted, unimproved ;
Still let the Christian labour on,
With heavenly ardour moved.
- 2 Soon shall this fleeting life
And all its joys be o'er ;
The world with all its charms shall fail,
And time shall be no more.

3 Then let each passing hour
Raise all our thoughts above,
Each moment some memorial bear
Of duty and of love.

4 Soon shall the last arrive ;
And soon these eyes shall see
The awful period which connects
Time with eternity.

171. (HEB. IX. 27.) L.M. PORTUGAL.

Death the road to judgment.

1 Behold the path which mortals tread,
Down to the regions of the dead !
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.

2 Our kindred and our friends are gone :
Know, O my soul, this doom thine own ;
Feeble as their's thy mortal frame,
The same thy way, thy home the same.

3 From vital air, from cheerful light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night ;
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
Thou must to God's tribunal pass.

4 Awake, my soul ! thyself prepare,
Rising above each mortal care ;
With steady step the path be trod,
Which, through the grave, conducts to God.

172. (ECCLES. IX. 4-10.) L.M. NEW PORTUGAL.

Life the season of grace and hope.

- 1 As long as life its term extends,
Hope's blest dominion never ends;
For while the lamp holds on to burn,
The greatest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the season God hath given
To fly from hell, and rise to heaven ;
That day of grace fleets fast away,
And none its rapid course can stay.
- 3 The living know that they must die ;
But all the dead forgotten lie :
Their memory and their name is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust ;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 5 Then what thy thoughts design to do,
Still let thy hands with might pursue ;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor wisdom underneath the ground.

173. (1 COR. XV. 55, 56.) L.M. ARMLEY.

The sting of death.

- 1 The feeble pulse, the gasping breath,
The pallid lip, the glazed eye,—
Are these thy sting, thou dreadful death ?
O grave, are these thy victory ?

- 2 The mourners by our parting bed,
The wife, the children weeping nigh,
The dismal pageant of the dead,—
These,—these are not thy victory !
- 3 But from the much-loved world to part,
Our lust untamed, our spirit high,
All nature struggling at the heart,
Which, dying, feels it dare not die ;
- 4 To meet too soon our heavenly King,
Whose love we passed unheeded by ;
Lo ! this, O death, thy deadliest sting !
O grave, and this thy victory !
- 5 O Searcher of the secret heart,
Who givest to all men once to die !
Restore us ere the spirit part,
Nor yield to death the victory !

174. (MAT. xvi. 24—27.) P.M. ANTHEM.

What shall a man give in exchange for his soul ?

- 1 O God, protector of the lowly,
Of all that trust in thee ;
Without whom nothing strong and holy
And nothing good can be ;
- 2 Guide thou our steps to heavenly glory,
And teach us so to choose,
As not for pleasures transitory
Eternal bliss to lose.

175. (2 TIM. IV. 6-8.) L.M. LUTHER'S.

The last prayer of the righteous.

- 1 The hour of my departure 's come ;
I hear the voice that calls me home :
At last, O Lord ! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.
- 2 The race appointed I have run ;
The combat 's o'er, the prize is won ;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record 's in the sky.
- 3 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear ;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.
- 4 I come, I come, at thy command ;
I give my spirit to thy hand :
Stretch forth thy everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.
- 5 The hour of my departure 's come ;
I hear the voice that calls me home :
Now, O my God ! let troubles cease ;
Now let thy servant die in peace.

176. (PS. XXXVII.) P.M. FRANKFORT.

The Christian's farewell.

- 1 Farewell, thou orb of splendour,
I need thy light no more !
No brilliance canst thou render
The world to which I soar :

Nor sun nor moon-beam brightens
Those regions with a ray ;
But God himself enlightens
Their one eternal day.

2 Farewell, sweet nature, waving
With fruits and flowerets fair,
Of thee but little craving
Of what thou well canst spare :
The world, to which I 'm going,
Has fairer fruits than thine ;—
Life-rivers ever flowing,
And skies that ever shine.

3 The love that seemed forsaken,
When friends in death depart,
In heaven again shall waken,
And re-possess the heart.
Soft, heavenly joys steal o'er me !
I hear my Father's call ;—
See him who passed before me,
And God, the judge of all !

177. (1 Cor. xv. 55.) P.M. ANTHEM.

Vital spark.

1 Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying ;
O the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark, they whisper !—angels say,
' Sister-spirit, come away !'

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

- 3 The world recedes!—it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

178. (REV. XIV. 13.) C.M. FRENCH.

The Christian happy in death.

- 1 Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How calm their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with their Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a rich reward.

179. (PHIL. I. 23.) L.M. DEPARTURE.

Aspects of death.

- 1 When life, as opening buds, is sweet,
And golden hopes the fancy greet,
And youth prepares his joys to meet,—
Alas! how hard it is to die!

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

- 2 When first is seized some valued prize,
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,—
How awful, then, it is to die !
- 3 When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,—
Ah, then, how easy 't is to die !
- 4 When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow-gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,—
'T is nature's precious boon to die.
- 5 When faith is firm, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,
'T is joy, 't is triumph then to die !

180. (ECCLES. XII. 7.) C.M. ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S.
The eternal rest in God.

- 1 Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now !
E'en while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
- 2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath !
Soul, to its place on high !
They, that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

181. (Ps. xxxi.) L.M. NEW PORTUGAL.

Power of the gospel in seasons of trouble.

- 1 There is a power which soothes the soul,
When storms of care and anguish rise ;
When lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
And clouds o'ercast the sunny skies.
- 2 It breaks the chains which care has bound,—
It charms the heart by grief opprest ;
And sheds a blissful radiance round,
A holy calm, a heavenly rest :—
- 3 'T is blest religion—power divine !
That dissipates the blackest gloom,
And bids bright hopes of glory shine,
To gild the darkness of the tomb.
- 4 Nor are its hopes of glory vain,
Nor are they flattering,—insecure ;
They fade not, die not, but remain
While endless ages shall endure.

182. (HEB. IV. 9.) S.M. IRVINE.

The issues of life and death.

- 1 O where shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul ?
'T were vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole :
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'T is not the *whole* of life, to live,—
Nor *all* of death, to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
 And all that life is love :

4 There is a death, whose pangs
 Outlast the fleeting breath ;
 O what a weight of horror hangs
 Around the ' second death' !

5 Lord God of truth and grace !
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be banished from thy face,
 And utterly undone.

6 Here would we end our quest :
 Alone are found in thee
 The life of perfect love,—the rest
 Of immortality.

183. (JOB III. 17-20.) C.M. MARTYRDOM.

The peace of the grave.

1 How still and peaceful is the grave !
 Where, life's vain tumults past,
 The appointed house, by heaven's decree,
 Receives us all at last.

2 The wicked there from troubling cease,
 Their passions rage no more ;
 And there the weary pilgrim rests,
 From all the toils he bore.

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

- 3 There, rest the prisoners, now released
From slavery's sad abode ;
No more they hear the oppressor's voice,
Nor dread the tyrant's rod.
- 4 There, servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose ;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.
- 5 All, levelled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb ;
Till God in judgment calls them forth,
To meet their final doom.

184. (1 COR. XV. 19, &c.) L.M. WAREHAM.

The light of the gospel on the tomb.

- 1 Dark, dark indeed, the grave would be,
Had we no light, O God, from thee ;
If all we saw were all we knew,
Or hope from reason only grew.
- 2 But fearless now we rest in faith,
A holy life makes happy death,
'T is but a change ordained by thee,
To set the imprisoned spirit free.
- 3 Sad, sad indeed, 't would be to part
From those who long had shared our heart,
If thou hadst left us still to fear
Love's only heritage was here.

- 4 But calmly now we see them go
From out this world of pain and woe ;
We follow to a home on high,
Where pure affections never die.

185. (ECCLES. XII. 7.) L.M.P. BRENTWOOD

Dust to dust, but the spirit to God.

- 1 There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
 Low in the ground ;
- 2 The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
 A star of day !
- 3 The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky ;
The soul, immortal as its sire,
 Shall never die !
- 4 O traveller in the vale of tears !
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
 Pursue thy flight.

186. (1 CHRON. XXIX. 15.) S.M. BOLSTER'S.

Sojourners, as our fathers.

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea ;
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
 To vast eternity !

- 2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own ?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour ?—gone !
- 3 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell ;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.
- 4 God of our fathers, hear !
Thou everlasting friend !
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.
- 5 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

187. (Ps. xxx. 2.) C.M. STROUDWATER.
God the solace of the sorrowing.

- 1 O thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when bereaved and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee !
- 2 But thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

- 3 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too ;
- 4 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting, through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above !
- 5 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

188. (1 THESS. IV. 14.) L.M.D. DELAMAIN.

Funeral ode.

- 1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb !
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.
Nor pain nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invades thy bounds : no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleepers here,
And angels watch their soft repose ! .
- 2 So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son,
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed :
Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne,
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word !
Restore thy trust, a glorious form,
That must ascend to meet the Lord !

189. (JN. XI.) C.M. MORAVIA.

A dirge.

- 1 The cold earth may be on thee,
The green turf o'er thee spread ;
Yet is God's eye upon thee,
In thy last narrow bed.
O 't is the pang severest
That mortal hearts can know,
To lay what they held dearest
The cold, damp earth below !
- 2 But he who gave and taketh,
Our sorrow will forgive,
If mourning faith forsaketh
Not him to whom all live.
Resigned, not broken-hearted,
We leave thy lowly grave ;
We love thee more departed,
And heaven is strong to save.

190. (PS. CXLVI.) C.M. KILMARNOCK.

Death of kindred improved.

- 1 Must friends and kindred droop and die,
And loved ones be withdrawn,
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Recounts our comforts gone ?
- 2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God !
Our present help and friend ;
Nor leave us in this dangerous road,
Till all our trials end.

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

- 3 O may we still pursue the way
Our pious fathers led ;
With love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead !

191. (ECCLES. I. 4, &c.) C.M. CAROLINE.

After a death in a congregation.

- 1 Another from our band is gone,
No more to meet us here,
And warns us all, how, one by one,
We, too, must disappear.
- 2 Who next shall leave a vacant place,
Where he was wont to dwell ?
Whose next shall be the missing face ?—
Thou, God, alone canst tell.
- 3 Or young or old, not one can say,
‘ That lot shall not be mine ;’
Not one declare, another day
Upon his path will shine.
- 4 Then may we all to wisdom give
The moments as they fly,
That we may be more meet to live,
And yet more meet to die.

192. (PROV. X. 7.) C.M. STROUDWATER.

Death of the righteous.

- 1 Behold the western evening light !
It melts in deepening gloom :
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

- 2 The winds breathe low,—the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree :
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be !
- 3 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !
'T is like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.
- 4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset-beam is cast !
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.
- 5 And lo, above the dews of night,
The vesper-star appears :
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.
- 6 Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore :
And thus the eyes, that sleep in death,
Shall wake to close no more.

193. (1 TIM. IV. 7.) S.M. IRVINE.

He has fought the good fight ; he has finished his course.

- 1 Servant of God, well done !
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy master's joy.

- 2 At midnight came the cry,
 ‘To meet thy God, prepare!’
He woke, and caught his captain’s eye;
 Then strong in faith and prayer,
- 3 His spirit with a bound
 Left its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
 A darkened ruin lay.
- 4 The pains of death are past,
 Labour and sorrow cease;
And, life’s long labour closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.
- 5 Soldier of Christ, well done!
 Praise be thy new employ:
And, while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour’s joy.

194. (Ps. cxvi. 15.) L.M.P. OLNEY.

The nameless martyrs.

- 1 The kings of old have shrine and tomb
In many a minster’s haughty gloom;
And green along the ocean’s side
The mounds arise where heroes died;
But show me, on thy flowery breast,
Earth, where thy nameless martyrs rest.
- 2 The thousands that, uncheered by praise,
Have made an offering of their days,—
For truth, for heaven, for freedom’s sake,
Resigned the bitter cup to take;
And silently, in fearless faith,
Bowing their noble souls to death;—

3 Where sleep they? Woods and sounding
waves

Are silent of those hidden graves;
Yet what if no light footstep there
In pilgrim-love and awe repair?
They sleep in secret, but their sod,
Unknown to man, is marked of God.

195. (MAT. XXIV. 42.) C.M. ST. ASAPH.

Death of a young person.

1 When blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which sorrow must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh may this truth, impressed
With awful power,—‘ I too must die,’
Sink deep in every breast!

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the opening tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow, death may come.

4 The warning of this awful scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the solemn counsel vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

196. (MAT. XIX. 14.) L.M. PORTUGAL.

Death of an infant.

- 1 As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day ;
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.
- 2 It died, ere its expanding soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurned at heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.
- 3 It died to sin, it died to cares,
But for a moment felt the rod :
O mourner! these, and such as these,
Compose the kingdom of our God !

197. (MAT. XVIII. 10.) L.M. KINGSBRIDGE.

Death of children.

- 1 Sure, to the mansions of the blest
When infant innocence ascends,
Some angel, brighter than the rest,
The spotless spirit's flight attends.
- 2 On wings of ecstasy they rise,
Beyond where worlds material roll,
Till some fair sister of the skies
Receives the unpolluted soul.
- 3 There, at the almighty Father's hand,
Nearest the throne of living light,
The choirs of infant seraphs stand,
And dazzling shine, where all are bright.

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

- 4 No passion fierce, no low desire,
Has quenched the radiance of the flame ;
Back to its God the living fire
Returns unsullied as it came.

198. (HEB. XI. 4.) C.M. HOWARD'S.

The dead are with us yet.

- 1 The dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding, unperceived, their way
Through the unclouded sky.
- 2 By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen.
- 3 For death his sacred seal has set
On bright and bygone hours ;
And they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours ;—
- 4 Ours by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high ;
By trust, triumphant over death,
In immortality.

199. (REV. XIV. 13.) P.M. CAPTIVITY.

The dead in Christ.

- 1 Lord save me, ere I sink,
Like Peter, in the waves !

In vain I call on friends—

I live among their graves.

O word divine! thy light impart

To every heart that's dark like mine!

2 I see where friends have passed

The dark flood safely o'er :

They follow in the wake,

Where Jesus passed before ;

As yon lone star, when day is done,

Pursues the sun, in skies afar.

3 O! loved and lost on earth !

Your graves around me lie ;

Your names are on my heart,

Your homes are in the sky ;

Yours is the place of living streams,

Of angels' dreams,—glory and grace !

200. (2 COR. V. 1-11.) C.M. MARTYRDOM.

The hopes of the just.

1 Soon shall this earthly frame, dissolved,

In death and ruins lie ;

But better mansions wait the just,

Prepared above the sky.

2 An house eternal, built by God,

Shall lodge the holy mind ;

When once those prison-walls have fallen

By which 't is now confined.

- 3 We know, that when the soul, unclothed,
Shall from this body fly,
'T will animate a purer frame
With life that cannot die.
- 4 Such are the hopes that cheer the just;
These hopes their God hath given;
His spirit is the earnest now,
And seals their souls for heaven.

201. (NUMB. XXIII. 10.) P.M. CONSOLATION.
The happy end.

- 1 When life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
How calm he meets the friendly shore
Who lives averse to sin!
Such peace on virtue's path attends,
That when the sinner's pleasure ends,
The good man's joys begin.
- 2 See smiling patience smoothe his brow!
See the kind angels waiting now,
To bear his soul on high!
While, eager for the blest abode,
He joins with them to praise his God,
Who taught him how to die!

202. (1 PET. I. 3-5.) C.M. NEW LYDIA.
The hope of immortality.

- 1 Blest be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

- 2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
- 3 To an inheritance divine
He taught our hearts to rise ;
'T is uncorrupted, undefiled,
Unfading in the skies.
- 4 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come ;
We walk by faith as strangers here ;
But Christ shall call us home.

203. (LU. XVII. 21.) L.M. CHARD.

The kingdom of God is within you.

- 1 Great God ! avert from us the thought,
Or here to seek, or elsewhere find,
Bliss by mere local transfer wrought—
By change of place, and not of mind.
- 2 Were not the flowers of Eden dim,
When Adam's light of heart was gone ?
Would not the songs of seraphim
Be torture to the guilty one ?
- 3 Heaven is a state ;—and they who live
For a divine eternity,
Must here, all-heavenly Father, give
Their actions with their hearts to thee !

- 4 O may we fear no hell more dire,
Than the bad here commence in sin ;
And to no other heaven aspire,
Than good men in this world begin !
- 5 Even in this world, to man 't is given
To tread some paths by angels trod :
'T is heavenly work to live for heaven,
And paradise to walk with God !

204. (GEN. II. 7.) L.M. HANDEL'S 100.

The home of the soul.

- 1 Mysterious soul ! thou wondrous power,
Not compassed by the passing hour ;
But boundless, unconfined, and free,
This earth is not a home for thee.
- 2 No orb 's thy home ; thou soar'st away
Beyond light's farthest-piercing ray,
On through the boundless realms of space :
Immensity 's thy dwelling-place !
- 3 Mysterious soul ! thy course sublime
Not fettered is by years of time ;
Nor past nor future limits thee—
Thou livest in eternity.
- 4 Thou need'st no passport for the tomb,
No light to guide thee through its gloom ;
For thou art life and light combined—
A ray of the eternal Mind.

205. (2 COR. IV. 18.) C.M. STROUDWATER.

The sorrows of nature soothed by gospel hope.

- 1 While to the grave our friends are borne,—
 Around their cold remains
How all the tender passions mourn,
 And each fond heart complains !
- 2 But down to earth, alas, in vain
 We bend our weeping eyes ;
Oh ! let us leave these seats of pain,
 And upwards learn to rise.
- 3 Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,
 And beams a healing ray,
And guides us from the darksome tomb
 To realms of endless day.

206. (PS. LXI.) C.M.P. HIBERNIA.

The heavenly rest.

- 1 There is an hour of peaceful rest
 To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,—
 ' T is found above—in heaven !
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven ;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear—but heaven !

- 3 There faith lifts up the tearful eye,—
 The heart with anguish riven,—
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven !
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given :
 There rays divine disperse the gloom :
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven !

207. (2 PET. I. 4-16.) P.M. CORNISH.

The departure of friends.

- 1 Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond this vale of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime,
 Where life is not a breath,
 Nor life's affections, transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.
- 2 There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown,
 A whole eternity of love,
 Formed for the good alone ;
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that happier sphere.
- 3 Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are passed away,
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day ;
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,—
 They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

208. (REV. XXI., XXII.) C.M. ST. ASAPH.

The promised land.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign :
There, endless day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 4 O ! could our faith these fears remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With clearer, cloudless eyes ;—
- 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

209. (MAT. XXIV. 36–42.) P.M. GRANTHAM.

Of that day knoweth no man.

- 1 Nothing know we of the season
When the world shall pass away,
But we know the saints have reason
To expect a glorious day,
When the Saviour shall return,
And his people cease to mourn.

- 2 While a careless world is sleeping,
Then it is, the day will come,
Mirth shall then be turned to weeping,
Sinners shall receive their doom ;
But the people of the Lord
Shall obtain their great reward.
- 3 Let us wait the Lord's returning,
Be it ours his word to keep ;
Let our lamps be always burning,
Let us watch while others sleep ;
Watchers through the lonely night,
Christ has risen to give you light !

210. (MAT. XXIV. 30, 31.) L.M. LUTHER'S.

The judgment.

- 1 The day of wrath ! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,—
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
Whom shall he trust, that dreadful day ?
- 2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ;—
- 3 Oh ! on that day, that dreadful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O God, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

211. (1 THESS. IV. 13, &c.) C.M. IRISH.
Christians comforted for the loss of friends.

- 1 Take comfort, Christians, when your friends
In Jesus fall asleep ;
Their better being never ends ;
Why then dejected weep ?
- 2 Why inconsolable, as those
To whom no hope is given ?
Death is the messenger of peace,
And calls the soul to heaven.
- 3 As Jesus died, and rose again
Victorious from the dead ;
So his disciples rise, and reign
With their triumphant head.
- 4 Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go ;
And dwell for ever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.
- 5 A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more.

212. (EPH. III. 14, 15.) C.M. ST. ASAPH.
Communion of saints.

- 1 The saints on earth and those above
But one communion make ;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

- 2 One family, we dwell in him ;
One church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 O God, be thou our constant guide !
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

213. (Is. LI. 11.) C.M. MARTYRDOM.

Re-union of virtuous friends after death.

- 1 Blest hour, when virtuous friends shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more ;
And with celestial welcome greet
On an immortal shore !
- 2 The parent finds the long-lost child ;
Brothers on brothers gaze ;
The tear of resignation mild
Is changed to joy and praise.
- 3 Congenial minds, arrayed in light,
High thoughts shall interchange ;
Nor cease, with ever-new delight,
On wings of love to range.

4 And while remembrance, lingering still,
 Draws joy from sorrowing hours ;
New prospects rise, new pleasures fill
 Their souls' expanded powers.

5 O, may their pure devotion's flame
 On our cold hearts descend ;
To us their strong aspiring hopes,
 Their faith and fervour lend !

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THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

214. (Ps. xxiv.) C.M. ST. ALBAN'S.

The pure in heart shall see God.

- 1 Who is the man that shall ascend
 Into the hill of God ;
Or who within his holy place
 Shall have a firm abode ?
- 2 'T is he, who, with unsullied soul,
 In virtue's paths has trod,
Who, with clean hands and heart, regards
 His neighbour and his God :
- 3 He, the foundations of whose hope
 In humble thoughts are laid ;
Who still with cheerful faith looks up
 For mercy and for aid ;
- 4 Whose fervent spirit eager springs
 To do thy will, O Lord !
Who sees thee in all beauteous things,
 Who hears thee in thy word.
- 5 Though frailty mark, and error dim
 That mortal's steps while here ;
An eye of mercy looks on him,
 And warns him not to fear.

215. (PHIL. I. 27.) L.M. DERBY.

Conversation becoming the gospel.

- 1 When Jesus, our great master, came
To teach us in his Father's name ;
In every act, in every thought,
He lived the precepts which he taught.
- 2 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 3 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The gospel of the Son of God ;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 4 Thus shall we feel the gospel's sway,
While we await that blessed day,
The bright appearing of the Lord ;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

216. (MAT. XXII. 37.) L.M. BIRMINGHAM.

Love to God.

- 1 ' Thus shalt thou love the Lord thy God,—
With all thy heart, and soul, and mind ;'
So speaks to man that sacred word,
For counsel and reproof designed.
- 2 ' With all thy heart,'—no idol-thing,
Though close around the heart it twine,
Its interposing shade must fling,
To darken that pure love of thine.

- 3 'With all thy mind,'—each power that's given,
Creative fancy, musings high,
And thoughts that glance through earth and
heaven,—
These must religion sanctify.
- 4 'With soul and strength,'—thy days of ease,
While vigour nerves each youthful limb,
And hope, and joy, and health, and peace,—
All must be freely brought to him.
- 5 O Power supreme ! in whom we move,
Vouchsafe thy servants, in their day,
The mind to adore, the heart to love,
And strength to serve thee, while they may.

217. (MAT. V. 5, 8.) S.M. PECKHAM.

The pure and meek.

- 1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is his abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul,
He doth himself impart ;
And for his temple and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

218. (JN. I. 47.) C.M. KILDARE.

An Israelite indeed.

- 1 Am I an Israelite indeed,
Without a false disguise ?
Have I renounced my sins, and left
My refuges of lies ?

- 2 Say, does my heart unchanged remain,
Or is it formed anew?
What is the rule by which I walk,
The object I pursue?
- 3 Cause me, O God of truth and grace,
My real state to know!
If I am wrong, O, set me right!
If right, preserve me so!

219. (PROV. III. 13-17.) C.M. HOWARD'S.
Heavenly wisdom.

- 1 O! happy is the man, who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.
- 3 In her right hand, she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honours joined,
Are what her left displays.
- 4 She guides the young, with innocence
In pleasure's paths to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

- 5 According as her labours rise,
 So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

220. (Ps. L.) L.M. LUTHER'S.

Obedience better than sacrifice.

- 1 When, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honours, shall he pay ?
How spread his sovereign's praise abroad ?
- 2 From marble domes, and gilded spires,
Shall curling clouds of incense rise ?
And gems, and gold, and garlands, deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice ?
- 3 Vain, sinful man ! creation's Lord
Thy richest offerings well may spare :
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

221. (MAT. VII. 13, 14.) C.M. HOWARD'S.

The strait gate.

- 1 Strait is the gate that leads to life ;
 The way neglected is
By mortals eager for the chase
 Of earthly happiness.
- 2 Wide is the gate that leads to death ;
 The paths are beaten broad,
Where men, like thoughtless, soulless things,
 Are wandering from their God.

- 3 Though wide enough thy gate, O Lord,
Men will not enter in,—
Will not to Jesus bring their hearts,—
Will not forsake their sin.
- 4 Lord, I would weep o'er erring man,
Whom follies lead astray,
As Jesus over Zion wept,
Before her judgment-day.
- 5 O save me from the gates of hell !
To follow him alone,
Whose life and truth, whose love and death
Have raised him to thy throne !

222. (MAT. VI. 19-21.) L.M. DUKESTREET.

Lay up treasure in heaven.

- 1 One treasure, Lord, but one alone,
Is needful to secure my rest ;
Could I that one thing call my own,
I were indeed of all possessed !
- 2 'T is not the power of wealth or state,—
Treasures consumed by moth or rust ;
'T is not that men should call me great,
And flatter me, their fellow-dust :
- 3 'T is all my Saviour's will to do ;
'T is as my Saviour's self to be ;
And, like a Christian soldier true,
March onward to eternity !

223 (LU. X. 42.) L.M. SABAOth.

One thing is needful.

- 1 Why will ye waste your precious years,
Amidst a thousand trifling cares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?
- 2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an immortal mind,
While angels with regret look down,
To see you spurn a heavenly crown?
- 3 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus plead his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain?
- 4 Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so shall heaven and earth appear,
When the decisive hour is near.

224. (DEUT. XXVIII. 1-13.) 7s.M. REDEEMING LOVE.

The pleasures of religion.

- 1 'T is religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'T is religion must supply
Solid comforts when we die.
- 2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity:
Let me then make God my friend,
And on all his ways attend.

225. (Hos. xiv.) P.M. CONSOLATION.

The beauty of religion.

- 1 Soft are the fruitful showers that bring
The welcome promise of the spring,
And soft the vernal gale ;
Sweet the wild warbling of the grove,
The voice of nature and of love,
That gladdens every vale :
- 2 But softer in the mourner's ear
Sounds the mild voice of mercy near,
That whispers sins forgiven ;
And sweeter far the music swells,
When to the raptured soul she tells
Of peace and promised heaven !
- 3 And far more fair the pious breast,
In richer robes of goodness dressed,
Where heaven's own graces shine ;
And brighter far the prospects rise,
That burst on faith's delighted eyes
From glories all divine.

226. (1 TIM. iv. 8.) S.M.D. LONSDALE.

Religion inspires cheerfulness.

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround his throne.
Hence let each pious mind
Drive sorrow and distress ;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

- 2 God, our eternal friend,
 No present good denies ;
 And, when the scenes of time shall end,
 Will call us to the skies.
 Then let our sorrows cease,
 And every tear be dry ;
 We 're travelling, through the paths of peace,
 To perfect bliss on high.

227. (Ps. xxxvii.) C.M. KILDARE.

Reward of the righteous.

- 1 My God ! the steps of righteous men
 Are ordered by thy will ;
 And, though they human weakness feel,
 Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
 Their virtue he approves ;
 He 'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
 Nor leave the souls he loves.
- 3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
 Their portion and their home :
 He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
 Of blessings yet to come.
- 4 Mark well the man of righteousness !
 His several steps attend :
 True pleasure runs through all his ways,
 And peaceful is his end.

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228. (Ps. cxix. 105.) C.M. BETHEL.

The value of the book of God.

- 1 How precious is the book divine
Which thou, our God, hast given!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers the drooping heart
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy its truths impart,
To quell our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way ;
Till we behold the glorious light
Of an eternal day.

229. (Ps. xix. 7-14.) L.M.P. CONFERENCE.

Instruction and delight in scripture.

- 1 How precious Lord, thy holy word !
What light and joy its truths afford,
To souls benighted and distressed !
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way ;
Thy fear forbids our steps to stray ;
Thy promise leads the heart to rest.
- 2 Thy threatenings wake our slumbering eyes,
And warn us where our danger lies ;
While gospel truth and grace divine
Inspire the heart with filial love,
Exalt and fix our hopes above,
And make the willing spirit thine.

- 3 O, may thy word those faults reveal,
Which blind self-love may yet conceal,
And from presumptuous sins restrain !
Thus taught to use the book of grace,
We 'll raise a grateful song of praise
That we possess it not in vain.

230. (Ps. CXIX. 89, &c.) C.M. KENDAL.

Divine revelation.

- 1 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic as the sun ;
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand, which gave it, still preserves
Its precepts pure and right ;
And o'er the nations pours the rays
Of never-failing light.
- 3 Let endless thanks, O God ! be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day !

231. (PROV. III. 1-4.) C.M. OLDHAM.

The word of God the best guide of youth.

- 1 Youths' ardent minds, with joy elate,
Elastic and sincere,
Suspect no ills that may await,
Nor yield a thought to fear.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 But slippery is the path they tread
In pleasure's dangerous way ;
A thousand snares around them spread,
And oft their feet betray.
- 3 How shall they, then, their course pursue
Through life's uncertain road ?
What friendly hand will point their view
To duty and to God ?
- 4 In God's own word the way is sure,
And clear to every eye ;
It leads us, in a path secure,
To brighter worlds on high.
- 5 O, be thy word our constant guide,
Our steadfast hope and trust !
This ne'er can fail, though all beside
Shall mingle with the dust.

232. (ECCLES. XII. 1.) C.M. DEVIZES.

Early piety.

- 1 In life's gay morn, when sprightly youth
In vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose ;
- 2 Deep on thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved.

- 3 He will defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity !
- 4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth :
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth !

233. (Ps. CXLI.) L.M. BRENTWOOD.

Against falling into sin.

- 1 My God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house ;
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word :
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.
- 3 And if my friends reprove my way,
When from thy righteous path I stray,
Their faithful words, in love exprest,
Shall never wound, but cheer my breast.
- 4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I 'll cry to heaven for their relief,
And by my warm petitions prove,
How much I prize their faithful love.

234. (PROV. XVI. 31.) L.M. HANDEL'S 100.

Virtuous old age.

- 1 When age, with soft and secret wand,
Hath touched and changed the locks to snow,
What diadem could mortal hand
So precious and so fair bestow ?
- 2 If then religion's sacred rays
Beam on these hoary locks of thine,
What crown, that gems and gold emblaze,
Can with such holy radiance shine ?
- 3 They form a glory round the head,
To charm the reverent gaze of youth ;
A lustre o'er their steps to shed,
And guide them up the hill of truth.
- 4 O ! 't is a wreath of heavenly light,
Fair emblem of the crown divine,
That cherubs pure and seraphs bright
Around the brows of saints entwine.

235. (HEB. III. 12.) L.M. NEW SABBATH.

Christian faith.

- 1 Lord, I believe ! help my belief ;
Still clearer views of truth impart ;
Impress thy precepts on my soul,
And rouse the slowness of my heart.
- 2 Let me not tremble, but believe ;
My God and father are the same !
And let no other God, but thee,
Obedience from thy servant claim.

- 3 He will defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity !
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Obedience from thy servant claim.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 O save me from the fool's despair,
In nature's laws no God to find;
And from the blinded bigot's God,
The pattern of his own dark mind.
- 4 Give me the faith that works by love,—
The tree with never-failing fruit,
That sends its tops high to the heaven,
And deep in Calvary its root.
- 5 Give me the faith that heals and saves,
When doubts and trials press the soul;
The eye, that pierces earth and time,
To reach the long-expected goal.

236. (JAS. II. 26.) L.M. TRANQUILLITY.

Faith without works is dead.

- 1 As body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees, decayed and dead,
Is faith, a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.
- 2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye, or bended knee.
- 3 To doers only of the word,
Propitious is the righteous Lord;
He hears their cries, accepts their prayers,
And heals their wounds, and soothes their
cares.

- 4 In true and genuine faith, we trace
The source of every Christian grace ;
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.

237. (JER. VI. 20.) L.M. NEW PORTUGAL.

Forms of devotion vain without virtue.

- 1 The uplifted eye, and bended knee,
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee :
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal
The breaches of thy precepts heal ?
Or fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile ?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Sincere, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.
- 4 ' Love God and man,'—this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand :
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
And this thy great Messiah preach.

238. (HEB. XI.) C.M. ARLINGTON.

Power of faith.

- 1 When musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain ;
'T is sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

- 2 'T is not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will :
'T is not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still :—
- 3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light ;
And longs her eagle-plumes to raise,
And lose herself in flight.
- 4 It is that hope with ardour glows
To see the Saviour's face ;
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient power to trace !

239. (HEB. VI. 19.) L.M. BRENTWOOD.

The anchor of hope.

- 1 While darkness reigns beneath the pole,
Hope is the anchor of the soul :
Nor fell disease, nor dark despair,
Nor night, nor storm shall enter there.
- 2 Our bold and lofty visions range,
Beyond the reach of time and change :
We penetrate faith's milky way,
To realms of pure and endless day !
- 3 Hope with her anchor fastened here,
Rides out the storms of death and fear,—
Looks to the star that Christ has given,
To guide us to the promised haven !

- 4 Then rise, my soul, above the storm,
 'T is God that saves thy bark from harm !
 The darkness flies—the danger 's o'er,
 Our gladdened eyes behold the shore !

240. (PHIL. III. 13, 14.) C.M. DEVIZES.

The Christian race.

- 1 Awake, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigour on ;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 'T is God's all-animating voice,
 Which calls thee from on high ;
 'T is God's own Son presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye :—
- 3 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
 Shall still new lustre boast,
 When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems,
 Shall blend in common dust.
- 4 May we, with sacred ardour fired,
 The glorious prize pursue ;
 And meet with joy the high command,
 To bid this scene adieu.

241. (EPH. VI. 10, &c.) L.M. PORTUGAL.

The fight of faith.

- 1 Awake, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;
 See where thy foes against thee rise,
 In long array,—a numerous host ;
 Awake, my soul, or thou art lost !

- 2 Here, giant danger threatening stands,
Mustering his pale, terrific bands;
There, pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armour, from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.
- 5 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most the traitor in thy heart.

242. (HEB. XII. 1, 2.) L.M. SABAOth.

Christian perseverance.

- 1 Press on, press on, ye sons of light,
Untiring in your holy fight,
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter crown.
- 2 Press on, press on, through toil and woe,
Calmly resolved, to triumph go;
And make each dark and threatening ill
Yield but a higher glory still.

- 3 Press on, press on ; still look in faith
To him who vanquished sin and death ;
And, till you hear his high ' Well done,'
True to the last,—press on, press on !

243. (PHIL. II. 12, 13.) L.M. EMPEROR'S.

Work out your own salvation, &c.

- 1 Man, work out thine own salvation ;
In a world of din and strife,
Better far than grand oration,
Is a valiant, honest life.
Men may pray in words of beauty,—
Flowers and forms they cannot feel ;
But the stern behests of duty
Are forgotten in their zeal.
- 2 Golden thoughts have through the ages
Still been gathering, pile on pile,
Yet how sin, how folly rages !
Man is wretched all the while.
Royal road there 's none to heaven ;
Tread the path which Jesus trod ;
Do the work that God hath given,—
Active love, the Christian road.
- 3 The high chivalry of living
For the good of all around,
And the Christ-like love of giving
Must in every heart abound.
Then the grief, the woe that rages,
Shall grow calmer and more calm ;
And adown the coming ages,
Shall be heard life's joyful psalm.

244. (1 COR. XVI. 13.) 8s. & 7s.M. PSALM OF LIFE.

Christian activity.

- 1 Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream ;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
- 2 Life is real ! life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.
- 3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.
- 4 Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime ;
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time ;
- 5 Foot-prints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
- 6 Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

245. (GAL. VI. 9.) 8s. & 7s.M.D. HAYDN'S.

Invitation to earnest duty.

- 1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation ;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
 Joy to find, in every station,
 Something still to do or bear !
 Think what spirit dwells within thee ;
 Think what father's smiles are thine ;
 Think what Jesus did to win thee ;
 Child of heaven ! canst thou repine ?

- 2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed with faith, and winged with prayer ;
 Heaven's eternal day 's before thee ;
 God's own hand shall guide thee there !
 Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim-days :
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

246. (1 JN. II. 8.) 7s.M. ROSS.

Before us lies the way.

- 1 All before us lies the way,—
 Give the past unto the wind :
 All before us is the day,
 Night and darkness are behind.

- 2 It is coming,—it is come
 To the patient and the strong,
 To the quiet heart at home,
 Thinking wise and faithful long.

- 3 When all error is worked out
From the heart and from the life ;
When the sensuous is laid low,
Through the spirit's holy strife ;
- 4 When the soul to sin hath died,
Rears a virtue pure and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,—
Up springs paradise around.
- 5 From this spirit-land afar
All disturbing force shall flee :
Stir, nor toil, nor fear shall mar
Its immortal unity.

247. (MAT. VI. 10.) C.M. PETERBOROUGH.
Duty in the present time.

- 1 The life beyond, the life below,
We long to blend in one ;
Angels and men one strain should know,—
'Thy will, not ours, be done !'
- 2 No future state can ever give
The soul more ample play,
Unless in time we learn to live,
And God in all obey.
- 3 The present state alone is ours,
Demanding all our aid ;
Its wants invite our highest powers,
That earth a heaven be made.

- 4 Come, then, and let us firmly vow
To cleanse our hearts from sin,
For holiness is precious now,—
In it we heaven begin.

248. (MARK XII. 42.) C.M. OLDHAM.

Small duties.

- 1 Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power ;
There 's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.
- 2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life ;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.
- 3 No act falls fruitless ; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results unfolded dwell
Within it silently.
- 4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be ;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

249. (EPH. VI. 11-17.) 7s.M.D. HOTHAM.

The Christian warrior.

Warrior ! to thy duty stand,
Faithful to thy Saviour's call ;
With the shield of faith in hand,
Fearless, though thy comrades fall :

Nothing fill thee with dismay,
Hunger, toil, or length of way ;
In thy leader's victory boast :—
Never, never leave thy post.

250. (2 TIM. II. 3.) 7S.M. HARTS.

The Christian's onward path.

- 1 Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Join the war, and meet the foe ;
Faint not ; much doth yet remain ;
Dreary is the long campaign.
- 3 Shrink not, Christians,—will ye yield ?
Will ye quit the battle-field ?
Fight till all your conflict 's o'er,
Nor your foes shall rally more.
- 4 And when loud the trumpet, blown,
Speaks their forces overthrown,
Christ, your captain, shall bestow
Crowns to grace the conqueror's brow.

251. (1 THES. V.) S.M. BOLSTER'S.

Important days.

- 1 There is a gracious day,
When conscience speaks within !
'T is now ;—for now the spirit strives,
Convincing us of sin.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 There is a holy day
Of faith, and hope, and love ;
It reaches through our Christian life
On earth—to heaven above !
- 3 There is a serious day,
When we must yield our breath,—
Be born to die no more,—or die
An everlasting death !
- 4 There is an awful day
Of judgment for the land ;
Lord, be we all in Christ prepared
On his right hand to stand !
- 5 Then comes a glorious day
Of sweet sabbatic rest ;
Oh ! may we that eternal day
Enjoy with all the blest !

252. (Is. LV. 6–9.) C.M. SMYRNA.

God's mercy calls us to immediate repentance.

- 1 Seek ye the Lord, while yet his ear
Is open to your call ;
While offered mercy still is near,
Before his footstool fall.
- 2 Let sinners quit their evil ways,
Their evil thoughts forego ;
And God, when they to him return,
Returning grace will shew.

- 3 He pardons with o'erflowing love ;
For, hear the voice divine !
‘ My nature is not like to yours,
Nor like your ways are mine :
- 4 ‘ But far as heaven’s resplendent orbs
Beyond earth’s spot extend,
As far my thoughts,—as far my ways
Your ways and thoughts transcend.’

253. (LU. XIII. 6-9.) C.M. GLENDALOUGH.
The barren fig-tree.

- 1 See in the vineyard of the Lord
A barren fig-tree stand !
It yields no fruit,—no blossom bears,
Though planted by his hand.
- 2 From year to year he seeks for fruit ;
But still no fruit is found :
It stands, among the living trees,
A cumberer of the ground.
- 3 But, lo ! the gracious Saviour pleads !
‘ The barren fig-tree spare :
In mercy stay the threatening hand,
And grant another year !
- 4 ‘ Perhaps some means of grace untried,
May reach the stony heart ;
Or the soft dews of heavenly love
May heavenly life impart.’

254. (Hos. vi. 1-4.) C.M. BEXLEY.

Sinners exhorted to repent.

- 1 Come, let us to the Lord, our God,
With contrite hearts return ;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.
- 2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave ;
And though his arm be strong to smite,
'T is also strong to save.
- 3 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him, and rejoice ;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.
- 4 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round ;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground ;
- 5 So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light ;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

255. (Lu. xv. 7, &c.) P.M. ANGEL'S JOY.

The joy in heaven.

- 1 There was joy in heaven !
There was joy in heaven !
When this goodly world to frame
The Lord of might and mercy came :

Shouts of joy were heard on high,
And the stars sang from the sky—
‘Glory to God in heaven!’

- 2 There was joy in heaven !
 There was joy in heaven !
 When the billows, heaving dark,
 Sank around the stranded ark,
 And the rainbow’s watery span
 Spake of mercy, hope to man,
 And peace with God in heaven !
- 3 There was joy in heaven !
 There was joy in heaven !
 When of love the midnight beam
 Dawned on the towers of Bethlehem ;
 And along the echoing hill
 Angels sang,—‘On earth good-will,
 And glory in the heaven !’
- 4 There is joy in heaven !
 There is joy in heaven !
 When the sheep, that went astray,
 Turns again to virtue’s way ;
 When the soul, by grace subdued,
 Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
 Then is there joy in heaven !

256. (Is. LVII. 15, 16.) C.M. HOWARD’S.

God dwells with the humble and contrite.

- 1 Amidst the majesty of heaven
 God’s throne is fixed on high ;
 And through eternity he hears
 The praises of the sky.

- 2 Yet he looks down, and visits oft
The humble, hallowed cell ;
And with the penitent who mourn
'T is his delight to dwell ;
- 3 The downcast spirit to revive,
The sad in soul to cheer,
And from the bed of dust, the man
Of contrite heart to rear.
- 4 With God dwells no relentless wrath
Against the human race ;
The souls, whom he has formed, shall find
A refuge in his grace.

257. (MIC. VII. 18, 19.) 7s.M. PARIS.

Penitent supplication.

- 1 God of mercy ! God of love !
Hear our sad, repentant songs ;
Listen to thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all grace belongs !
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent :
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent ;
- 3 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own,
Humbled at thy feet we bow,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

- 4 God of mercy ! God of love !
Hear our sad, repentant songs ;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all grace belongs !

258. (Ps. LI.) L.M. PORTUGAL.

Seeking forgiveness.

- 1 O God of mercy ! to thine eye
My sins and crimes uncovered lie :
In pity on thy creature look ;
Blot my transgressions from thy book.
- 2 Give me a heart that 's pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin ;
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 How can I live without thy light,—
Cast out and banished from thy sight ?—
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 A broken heart, my God, my king,
Is all the sacrifice I bring !
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence, just :
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save a soul condemned to die !

259. (Ps. xxxii.) S.M. WATCHMAN.

Forgiveness of sin upon confession.

- 1 O blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er !
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more !
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care ;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their grief sincere.
- 3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound ;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let all approach the throne ;
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

260. (Ps. lxxxv.) C.M. HOWARD'S.

Peace to the returning penitent.

- 1 Sweet is the friendly voice, which speaks
The words of life and peace ;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.
- 2 No healing balm on earth, like this
Can cheer the contrite heart ;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

- 3 Thou still art merciful and kind ;
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal :
For thou the broken heart canst bind,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 Let thy bright presence, Lord, restore
Peace to my anxious breast ;
Conduct me in the path which leads
To everlasting rest.

261. (Ps. IV. 1.) 7s.M. SINAI.

A prayer for mercy.

- 1 Lord, have mercy, when we pray
Strength to seek a better way ;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe their cherished sin ;
- 2 When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale ;
When our tears bedew thy word ;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !
- 3 Lord have mercy, when we lie
On the restless bed and sigh,—
Sigh for death yet fear it still,
From the thought of former ill ;
- 4 When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come ;
When is loosed the silver cord ;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord :

262. (ACTS XVII. 27, 28.) L.M. ISLINGTON.

The mystery in prayer.

- 1 No human eye thy face may see,
No human thought thy form may know ;
But all creation dwells in thee,
And thy great life through all doth flow !
- 2 And yet, O strange and wondrous thought !
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart, with sorrow fraught,
To seek thine aid, O God, may dare.
- 3 And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream
To see and know the eternal mind, —
- 4 Yet thou wilt turn them not aside,
Who cannot solve thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
To know their hearts approved by thine.

263. (1 TIM. II. 8.) C.M. KILMARNOCK.

What is prayer ?

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the breathing of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 O thou by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way !
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

264. (Ps. CXLV. 18.) P.M. DUNKIRK.

Privilege of prayer.

- 1 Go, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the moon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night ;
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Or, if 't is e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
Even then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love.

- 3 Oh ! not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare,—
 The power that he hath given us,
 To pour our souls in prayer !
 Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,
 Before his footstool fall,
 And remember, in thy gladness,
 His grace who gave thee all.

265. (JAS. v. 13.) C.M. GLENDALOUGH.

Efficacy of prayer.

- 1 Is there no balm to soften grief,
 No antidote to care ?
 The God of heaven will give relief,
 If asked in holy prayer.
- 2 Is there no friend to soothe our woe,
 Or check the ills we bear ?
 Sufferer, look up from earth below,
 And call on God in prayer.
- 3 Is there no cure for pain or want,
 No refuge from despair ?
 The eternal God relief will grant,
 If sought with fervent prayer.
- 4 Then, call on God, thou child of dust ;
 Flee from each earthly snare ;
 Wait but his will ; his mercy trust ;—
 And he shall hear thy prayer.

266. (1 THES. V. 17.) 7s.M.D. HOTHAM.

'Pray without ceasing.'

- 1 Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently ;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest work to leave ;—
Pray ; ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee !
- 2 Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

267. (MAT. VI. 6.) C.M. KILDARE.

Secret prayer.

- 1 Sweet is the prayer, whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows :
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.
- 2 Faith grasps the blessings she desires ;
Hope points the upward gaze ;
And love, celestial love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
 Heard by no human ear ;
When God has made the heart rejoice,
 And dried the bitter tear.
- 4 No accents flow, no words ascend ;
 All utterance faileth there ;
But sainted spirits comprehend,
 And God accepts the prayer.

268. (1 COR. X. 31.) S.M. ROTHSAY.

All duty divine.

- 1 Teach me, my God and king,
 Thy will in all to see ;
And what I do in anything,
 To do it as for thee ;
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway
 While still to thee I tend :
In all I do, be thou the way,
 In all, be thou the end.
- 3 All may of thee partake :
 Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
 Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If done beneath thy laws
 Even servile labours shine ;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause ;
 The meanest work, divine.

269. (2 COR. III. 5.) S.M. PECKHAM.

Strength in God.

- 1 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak
Who trusted in his own.
- 2 In God is all our store,
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, 'I want no more,'
Confesses he has none.
- 3 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.

270. (Is. XL. 28, &c.) C.M. ARLINGTON.

Human strength ineffectual without divine aid.

- 1 Supreme in wisdom, as in power,
The rock of ages stands,
Though him thou canst not see, nor trace
The working of his hands.
- 2 Mere human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigour cease;
But those, who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.
- 3 They, with unwearied feet, shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 On eagle-wings they mount, they soar,
The wings of faith and love,
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

271. (Ps. XLII.) C.M. STROUDWATER.

Longing for God.

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chace,
So longs my soul, O God ! for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 I sigh, whene'er my musing thoughts
Those happy days present,
When I, with those who sought thy face,
Thy temple did frequent ;
- 3 When I advanced, with songs of praise,
My solemn vows to pay,
And stood amid the joyful throng,
That kept thy sacred day.
- 4 O why art thou cast down, my soul ?
Or why art thou dismayed ?
Trust God ! his countenance shall yet
Afford thee gracious aid.

272. (MAT. VII. 11.) C.M. MARTYRDOM.

Filial confidence in God.

- 1 As gentle children fondly press
Around a mother's knee,
So, in my spirit's helplessness,
I fly, my God, to thee :

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 And as a mother's cares protect
Her offspring from alarm,
Do thou preserve, do thou direct
Thy children, Lord! from harm.
- 3 'T is sweet beneath thy love to be
In safe and silent rest,
As sleeps an infant on the knee
Of her who loves it best.
- 4 Thy love is wiser, kinder far
Than human love can be ;
All we should ask, or can require,
Will be supplied by thee.

273. (ROM. VIII. 31.) C.M. OLDHAM.

If God be for us, who shall be against us ?

- 1 If God be for us, who shall dare
Our enemy to be ?
Whose arm against us shall prevail,
While, Lord, we lean on thee ?
- 2 If God be for us, nought on earth
Shall fill us with alarm ;
We 'll fearless mark the wreck of time,
And smile amid the storm.
- 3 If God be for us, then at last,
Even with our parting breath,
We 'll cheerful meet our latest foe,
And triumph over death.

274. (Ps. xxx.) C.M. CAROLINE.

God a refuge from calamity.

- 1 Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave :
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.
- 2 Perhaps, before the morning dawn,
He 'll send my former peace ;
For he, who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease !
- 3 In the dark watches of the night,
I 'll count his mercies o'er ;
I 'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 4 Here will I rest, here build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod :
He 's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God !

275. (Ps. xlv.) L.M. BIRMINGHAM.

God our unfailing aid.

- 1 God is our refuge and defence,
In trouble our unfailing aid ;
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our soul afraid ?
- 2 There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains ;
There, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.

- 3 O for a seraph's wing of fire !
No ; on the mightier wings of prayer
We reach that home of pure desire,
And feel his cloudless presence there.
- 4 But soon, how soon ! our spirits droop,
Unwont the air of heaven to breathe :
Yet God, in very deed, will stoop,
And dwell himself with men beneath.
- 5 Come to thy living temples, then ;
As in the ancient times appear ;
Let earth be paradise again,
And man, O God, thine image here !

276. (Ps. xci.) 7s.M.D. REFUGE.

God our refuge.

- 1 Father ! refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly ;
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Father ! hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
O receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed ;
All my help from thee I bring :
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

277. (JN. XI. 21.) C.M. HOWARD'S.

Christ the friend of the sorrowing.

- 1 O Lord, hadst thou been here!—but when
Is not the Saviour nigh?
His power and love were present then.
Though Lazarus needs must die.
- 2 And when the Master seems to stay,
Regardless of our grief,
His tarrying never is delay,
But well-timed, sure relief.
- 3 The house of mourning he prefers
With voice of love to cheer;
And sorrows are the harbingers
That say, the 'Lord is near.'
- 4 Lord! not in sorrow's hour alone,
We ask to feel thy grace;
The hearts, that once thy love have known,
Would be thy dwelling-place.

278. (HEB. XII. 1-13.) 8s.&7s.M. MARINER'S.

The soldier of the cross.

- 1 Onward, Christian, though the region,
Where thou art, be drear and lone!
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee,—press thou on!
- 2 Listen, Christian,—their hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee,—'God is love.'
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
'Upward ever,—heaven's above.'

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won ;
Tread it without shrinking, brother ;
Jesus trod it,—press thou on !

4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace ;
While it needs thee, O, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release.

5 Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather
That thou be a faithful son :
In the prayer of Jesus,—‘ Father,
Not my will but thine be done.’

279. (MAT. VI. 10.) L.M.P. PILGRIM'S REST.

Thy will be done.

1 My God ! my Father ! while I stray
Far from my home on life's sad way,
Oh ! teach me from my soul to say,
‘ Thy will be done.’

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,
‘ Thy will be done.’

3 What, though in lonely grief I sigh,
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
‘ Thy will be done.’

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I loved, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what is thine;
 'Thy will be done.'
- 5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father! still I strive to say,
 'Thy will be done.'
- 6 Renew my life from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
 'Thy will be done.'
- 7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I 'll sing upon a happier shore,
 'Thy will be done.'

280. (JOB I. 21.) C.M. DUBLIN.

Resignation in affliction.

- 1 Naked as from the earth we came,
And entered life at first,
Naked we to the earth return,
And mix with kindred dust.
- 2 Whate'er we fondly call our own
Belongs to heaven's great Lord;
The blessings, lent us for a day,
Are soon to be restored.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 'T is God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave :
He gives ; and, blessed be his name !
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, then, ye restless passions, peace !
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

281. (HAB. III. 17, 18.) C.M. IRISH.

Submission in calamity.

- 1 What though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny ;
The labour of the olive fail,
And fields no food supply ;
- 2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see ;
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be ;—
- 3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love ;
In him I 'll joy, who will the Lord
Of my salvation prove.
- 4 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy,—
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

282. (HEB. XII. 11.) L.M. ISLINGTON.

Trust and submission.

- 1 Father, I thank thee ! let me not
E'er deem thy chastisements severe ;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm every wish and every fear.
- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay :
Thy mercy also spreads the gloom,
That darkens o'er his little day.
- 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know :
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 4 Thy various messengers employ ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

283. (JOB V. 8-27.) L.M.P. EATON.

Good and evil from God.

- 1 He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower ;
Alike they 're needful for the flower ;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment :
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done !
- 2 Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love ?

Creator ! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee :
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done !

- 3 O ne'er will I at life repine !
Enough that thou hast made it mine ;
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath,—
' As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father, thy will, not mine, be done !'

284. (Is. XLV. 7, &c.) L.M. JOB.

The unsearchable decrees of Providence.

- 1 Lord, how mysterious are thy ways !
But still we bow, and still we praise !
For well we know, though weak and blind,
A heavenly father must be kind !
- 2 Great God ! I would not ask to see,
What in futurity shall be :
If light and bliss attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praise.
- 3 Are darkness and distress my share ?
Still let me trust thy guardian care ;
Enough for me, if love divine
At length through every cloud shall shine.

285. (Rom. VIII. 28.) C.M. BEDFORD.

Trust amidst trials.

- 1 Thou Power supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest : they must be best,
Because they are thy will.

- 2 Then all I want,—O ! do thou grant
 This one request of mine !
 Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
 Assist me to resign.

286. (ROM. v. 3.) L.M. PORTUGAL.

Comfort in tribulation.

- 1 Thy will be done ! I will not fear
 The fate provided by thy love ;
 Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,
 I know that all is bright above.
- 2 The stars of heaven are shining on,
 Though these frail eyes are dimmed with
 tears ;
 The hopes of earth indeed are gone,
 But are not ours the immortal years ?
- 3 Father, forgive the heart that clings,
 Thus trembling, to the things of time ;
 And bid my soul, on angel wings,
 Ascend into a purer clime.

287. (JN. XI. 35.) L.M. ANGEL'S SONG.

On the death of friends.

- 1 Will not the God of love indulge
 The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
 When loved and loving ones are fallen,
 When friends and kindred spirits die ?
- 2 Yet not one anxious, murmuring thought
 Should with our mourning passions blend ;
 Nor should our bleeding hearts forget
 The almighty, ever-loving Friend !

- 3 Parent, protector, guardian, guide !
Thou every tender name in one !
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.
- 4 Our Father, God ! to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend !
And on thy gracious love and truth,
With humble, stedfast hope depend.

288. (Is. LXI. 2, 3.) L.M. LUTHER'S.

Blessed are they that mourn.

- 1 O deem not they are blessed alone,
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep :
The Power, who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears ;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.
- 3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night ;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with morning light.
- 4 And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain ;
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

289. (PS. CXIX. 71.) C.M. MARTYRDOM.

Use of affliction.

- 1 I cannot call affliction sweet ;
Yet it was good to bear :
Affliction brought me to thy feet,
And I found comfort there.
- 2 My wearied soul was all resigned
To thy most gracious will :
O had I kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still !
- 3 Where are the vows which then I vowed ?
The joys which then I knew ?
Those vanished like the morning cloud,
These, like the early dew.
- 4 Lord, grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be,
Through life, in death, with truth to say,
' My God is all to me !'

290. (MAT. XXVI. 42.) P.M. NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Prayer for support in death.

- 1 Lowly and solemn be
Thy children's cry to thee,
Father divine !
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owing that life and death
Alike are thine !

2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow ;
When spear, and shield, and crown
In faintness are cast down,
Sustain us, thou !

3 By him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod ;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away ;
Aid us, O God !

4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on thee to save,
Father divine !
Hear, hear our suppliant breath
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only thine !

291. (Ps. xli.) C.M. GLASGOW.

Sympathy springs from affliction.

1 Why does the will of heaven ordain
A world so mixed with woe ?
Why pour down want, disease, and pain
On wretched man below ?

2 It was the will of God to leave
These ills for man to mend ;
Nor let affliction pass the grave,
Before it found a friend.

- 3 It was by sympathetic ties
The human race to bind ;
To warm the heart, and fill the eyes
With pity for our kind :—
- 4 Pity, that, like the heavenly bow,
On darkest cloud doth shine ;
And makes, with a celestial glow,
The human face divine.
- 5 Where pity's frequent tear is shed,
There God is seen, is found ;
Descends upon the hallowed head,
And sheds a glory round.
- 6 But charity itself may fail,
Which doth not active prove ;
Nor will the prayer of faith avail,
Without the works of love.

292. (Ps. CXIX. 75.) L.M. PORTUGAL.

Affliction sanctified.

- 1 How little of ourselves we know
Before a grief the heart has felt !
The lessons, that we learn of woe,
May brace the mind as well as melt.
- 2 The energies too stern for mirth,—
The reach of thought, the strength of will,
'Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,
Through blight and blast their course fulfil.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 And yet, 't is when it mourns and fears,
The loaded spirit feels forgiven ;
And, through the mist of falling tears,
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

293. (PS. XLVII.) C.M. HOWARD'S.

God a resource in trouble.

- 1 When 'reft of all, and hopeless care
Would sink us to the tomb,
O, what shall save us from despair ?
What dissipate the gloom ?
- 2 No balm, that earthly plants distil,
Can soothe the mourner's smart ;
No mortal hand, with lenient skill,
Bind up the broken heart.
- 3 But one alone, who reigns above,
Our woe to joy can turn,
And light the lamp of life and love,
That long has ceased to burn.
- 4 Then, O my soul, to that one flee,
To God thy woes reveal ;
His eye alone thy wounds can see,
His power alone can heal.

294. (JN. II. 1-11.) C.M. ST. MARNOCK'S.

Times of refreshing in his presence.

- 1 Dear friend, whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign,
Could once at Cana's wedding-feast,
Change water into wine ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Come visit us ! and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and let us see
Life's water turned to wine.
- 3 Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes grow half divine,
When Jesus visits us to make
Life's water glow as wine.
- 4 For, when self-seeking turns to love,
Not knowing mine or thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water turned to wine.

295. (Ps. xxiii.) C.M. AUBURN.

Be thou our portion.

- 1 Food, raiment, dwelling, health, and friends,
Thou, Lord, hast made our lot ;
With thee our bliss begins and ends,
As we are thine or not.
- 2 For these we bend the humble knee,
Our thankful spirits bow ;
Yet from thy gifts we turn to thee ;—
O, be our portion, thou !

296. (Lu. xviii. 9-14.) P.M. CONSOLATION.

Humility.

- 1 The Lord, who sits on heaven's high throne,
And rules o'er times and worlds unknown,
Will hear thy humble prayer :
He is the searcher of all hearts ;
He tries the reins and inward parts ;
He knows if truth be there.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Bow down thy stubborn heart and knee,
Thy haughty looks, proud Pharisee,
In deep humility!
Bow to the earth, ye sons of men,
Where ye must soon return again,
By his divine decree!
- 3 Draw near, ye children of the dust,
Who in his mercy humbly trust,
Through the Redeemer shewn!
Come, with that meek and lowly mind,
Which in the Saviour's life we find,
For mercy at his throne!
- 4 When he applies the chastening rod
To bring the wanderer back to God,
We'll bend the humble knee:
And when we grace and favour find,
These gifts we own, with humble mind,
Unmerited and free.

297. (1 PET. v. 5, 6.) L.M.P. EATON.

Humility is true exaltation.

- 1 The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she, that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
In lark and nightingale, we see
What honour hath humility.
- 2 When Mary chose the better part,
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;

And Lydia's gently-opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet :
Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

- 3 The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends ;
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most when most his soul ascends :
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

298. (1 PET. v. 5, 6.) L.M. ROCHFORD.

The folly of pride.

- 1 O why should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day,—
O, why should mortal man be proud ?
- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found ;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span :
How ill, alas ! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man !
- 4 God of our lives ! Father divine !
Give us a meek and lowly mind :
In modest worth, O, let us shine !
And peace in humble virtue find !

299. (Ps. xvii.) C.M. IRISH.

Sincerity and hypocrisy.

- 1 God is a spirit just and wise :
He sees our inmost mind :
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our hearts behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth, before his throne,
Accepted shall arise :
The painted hypocrites are known
Through all their deep disguise.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground ;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where'er the heart 's not found.
- 4 Lord, search our thoughts, and try our ways,
And make our souls sincere ;
Then shall we stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

300. (MAT. VI. 1-8.) P.M. CALLAN.

God knoweth the heart.

- 1 'T is not the gift, but 't is the spirit
With which 't is given,
That on the gift confers a merit,
As seen by heaven.
- 2 'T is not the prayer, however boldly
It strikes the ear,
It mounts in vain, it falls but coldly,
If not sincere.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 'T is not the deeds the loudest lauded
That brightest shine :
There 's many a virtue unapplauded,
And yet divine.
- 4 'T is not the word that sounds the sweetest,
That 's soonest heard :
A sigh, when, humbled, thou retreatest,
May be preferred.
- 5 The outward show may be delusive,
A cheating name :
The inner spirit is conclusive
Of worth or shame.

301. (Ps. xv.) L.M. BIRMINGHAM.

Justice and integrity.

- 1 The Lord is just : he made the chain
Which binds together guilt and pain :
The Lord is just : he loves to shed
His blessings where the virtues tread.
- 2 Happy the man who dares be just,
Refusing to betray his trust,
Though interest tempt him to the deed,
Though the seducing passions plead.
- 3 Happy the man who dares be just,
Steadfast, when duty says ' thou must,'
Against the tyrant's marking frown,
Or the fond crowd, impetuous grown.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 Him would the storm-vexed ocean's weight,
Or lightning barbed with instant fate,
Or the last earthquake's awful shock,
Unfearing smite ;—God is his rock.

302. (1 COR. VII. 31.) L.M. DARWEN.

Moderation.

- 1 Lord, teach me how to rule my soul
By Jesus, and his heavenly yoke :
Bring me beneath the safe control
Of him who spoke as man ne'er spoke !
- 2 Keep all my passions in the place,
For which these active powers were given,
Like winds that fill the sails of grace,
To waft us to the promised haven !
- 3 In earthly things, let me not love,
Or hope, or fear, in wild excess,
Or sink below, or rise above
The golden mean of happiness.
- 4 Far from the noisy scenes of strife,
Or seeming calm of guileful art,
Let me enjoy the gift of life,
With grateful and contented heart !
- 5 O let me glide down life's fair stream,
Beloved by all—and loving all !
Till o'er my lowly grave the beam
Of evening's holy twilight fall !

303. (ROM. XIV. 17.) 7s.M. PLYMOUTH.

Solid rest in the soul alone.

- 1 As earth's pageant passes by,
Let reflection turn thine eye
Inward, and observe thy breast;
There alone dwells solid rest.
- 2 Say not that this house is small,
Girt up in a narrow wall;
In a sober, holy mind,
Heaven itself full room doth find.
- 3 The infinite Creator can
Dwell in it, and may not man?
Here, content, make thy abode
With thyself and with thy God.

304. (GAL. IV. 17, 18.) C.M. ARLINGTON.

Zeal.

- 1 Zeal is that pure and glowing flame,
Which heavenly minds possess;
While that, which burning zealots claim,
Is covered selfishness.
- 2 Zeal teaches men to love and help
The children of their God;
It raises them to heaven, before
They reach that blest abode.
- 3 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

- 4 O God, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove ;
And let no zeal by us be shewn,
But that which springs from love.

305. (TIT. III. 2.) C.M. KILDARE.

Speak gently.

- 1 Speak gently ;—it is better far
To rule by love than fear ;
Speak gently,—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.
- 2 Speak gently to the young,—for they
Will have enough to bear ;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'T is full of anxious care.
- 3 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart ;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.
- 4 Speak gently to the erring ones,
They must have toiled in vain ;
Perchance unkindness made them so ;
O, win them back again !
- 5 Speak gently,—'t is a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

306. (MAT. VI. 22, 23.) L.M.P. CONFERENCE.

Superstition.

- 1 Fear darkens all the nobler lights,
That God hath given to shine within,
When faith itself becomes diseased,
And blighted by the curse of sin,
And tries, all trembling and afraid,
To please the god itself has made.
- 2 Fear follows sin,—sin follows fear,
Like spectres 'tween the light and dark ;
When hope becomes a truant bird,
And leaves our lone, benighted ark,—
While down the floods of time we roll,
No dove returns to cheer the soul.
- 3 How long, O Lord, must Jesus wait,
Before his work of love be done,—
Before the carnal mind 's transformed
In likeness to thy loving son ?
How long, O Lord, till hearts agree
To travel home in love to thee ?

307. (LU. IX. 54.) L.M. BIRMINGHAM.

Persecution and intolerance.

- 1 Absurd and vain attempt, to bind
With iron chains the free-born mind ;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wandering, by destructive flame !
- 2 How arrogant to snatch from heaven
Dominion not to mortals given ;
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone !

- 3 Our blessed master's law of love
Doth no such cruelties approve ;
Mild as himself, his doctrine yields
No arms but those persuasion yields.
- 4 By proofs divine, and reasons strong,
It draws the willing mind along ;
And conquests to his church acquires
O'er every heart that love inspires.

308. (GAL. V. 1.) S.M. NEW BIRMINGHAM.

Religious liberty.

- 1 Shall man's despotic sway
My free-born soul enslave ?
First shall the glorious sun decay,
Or set on freedom's grave !
- 2 Chains may my body bind,
These limbs all fettered be ;
But thralldom cannot reach the mind,
It will,—it must be free !
- 3 Lord, ever grant me grace,
My liberty to prize ;
Nor let me yield compliance base
To creeds my soul denies !
- 4 O, may I seek thy will,
To thee and Christ be true,
And, God of freedom ! let me still
Thy truth alone pursue !

309. (ROM. XIV. 4, &c.) L.M. SAVOY.

Human interference in matters of religion.

- 1 All-seeing God ! 't is thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who among men, great Lord of all !
Thy servant to his bar shall call,
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms below ?
- 3 Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed ?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.

310. (MAT. XXIII. 9.) S.M. PECKHAM.

Right and duty of private judgment.

- 1 Imposture shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye :
But sacred truths the test invite ;
They bid us search and try.
- 2 O may we still maintain
A meek, inquiring mind ;
Assured we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.
- 3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee !

- 4 Lord, give the light we need;
With soundest knowledge fill:
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will!

311. (ACTS XXIV. 14.) C.M. OLDHAM.

'Judge not.'

- 1 Shall mortal man, so frail, so blind,
Usurp his Maker's throne;
And hold dominion o'er a mind
As free-born as his own?
- 2 Who bade thee judge thy fellow-clay,
Weak, erring, mortal man?
Who lent thee thy superior ray,
God's holy law to scan?
- 3 Frail, feeble child of dust, forbear!
Thy headlong zeal control;
And let thy fellow-mortals share
This freedom of the soul.
- 4 Thy creed with warmest zeal defend,
And guard with holiest care;
But first before thy Maker bend,
And breathe this Christian prayer:
- 5 'If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find the better way!'

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312. (Ps. cxxxiii.) C.M. DEVIZES.

Peace and love.

- 1 Father of peace ! send from above
The spirit of thy grace,
To bind the hearts, in Christian love,
Of all the human race.
- 2 'T is like the precious oil of old,
Which, poured on Aaron's head,
O'er all his garments' ample fold
In grateful fragrance spread.
- 3 Sweet as the dew, on herb and flower,
That silently distils,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills.
- 4 So with mild influence, from above,
Shall promised grace descend,
Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend.

313. (JAS. III. 17, 18.) S.M. BOLSTER'S.

The blessing of peace.

- 1 Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

- 8 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

314. (EPIH. IV.) S.M. CORNHILL.

Christian unity.

- 1 Let party-rage no more
Within the church be known ;
All, who profess the Christian faith,
In Christ, their head, are one.
- 2 Then let us, here on earth,
In Christian love abound,
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With the same blessings crowned.
- 3 Envy and strife, be gone,
And only kindness known,
Where all one common Father have,
One common Master own.
- 4 Thus, will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where springs of purest pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

315. (PHIL. IV.) L.M. ISLINGTON.

Pious friendship.

- 1 How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds !
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are
one !

- 2 To each the soul of each how dear !
What jealous love, what holy fear !
How does the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and human woe ;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When nature droops her sickening fire :
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

316. (MAT. XVIII. 1, 2.) L.M. HINTON.

Love to God and man.

- 1 O human heart ! thou hast a song
For all that to the earth belong ;
Whene'er the golden chain of love,
Hath linked thee to the heaven above.
- 2 O human heart ! what deed of thine
Could gain a kingdom so divine ?
'T was asked, but this in accents mild,
The gentle spirit of a child.
- 3 O human heart ! that singest still,
Through chastening good—misreckoned ill ;
That mind'st Bethesda's fount, to feel
The angel troubles but to heal.

- 4 O human heart ! thou hast a song
For all that to the earth belong :
Whene'er the golden chain of love
Hath linked thee to the heaven above.

317. (ROM. XII. 15.) C.M. ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S.
Sympathy.

- 1 Hard and unfeeling is his heart,
And dark his inmost soul,
Who never knew the generous force
Of pity's kind control.
- 2 The social feelings of the breast
To him no joy impart,
While low and sordid cares contract
The motions of his heart.
- 3 But O ! how truly blest is he
Whose soul is all benign,
Touched with the sweet attractive power
Of sympathy divine.
- 4 What solid joy, what calm delight
Possess his manly mind,
Which glows with tenderness and love
To all of human kind !

318. (IS. LVIII. 5-9.) C.M. MARTYRDOM.
Mercy the most acceptable sacrifice.

- 1 Attend, and mark the solemn fast
Which to the Lord is dear ;
Disdain the false, unhallowed mask
Which vain dissemblers wear.

- 2 'Do I delight in sorrow's dress,'
Saith he who reigns above ;
'The hanging head and rueful look,
Will they attract my love ?
- 3 'Let such as feel oppression's load,
Thy tender pity share :
And let the helpless, homeless poor,
Be thy peculiar care.
- 4 'Let him, who pines with piercing cold,
By thee be warmed and clad ;
Be thine the blissful task to make
The downcast mourner glad.
- 5 'Then, bright as morning, shall come forth,
In peace and joy, thy days ;
And glory from the Lord above
Shall shine on all thy ways.'

319. (GAL. VI. 1.) C.M. ST. MATTHEW'S.

Kindly judgment.

- 1 Think gently of the erring one !
O, do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet !
Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the selfsame God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

2 Speak gently to the erring ones !

Thou yet may'st lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may be ;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God has dealt with thee.

320. (LU. X. 29.) C.M. BEXLEY.

Who is my neighbour ?

- 1 Thy neighbour ? it is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart and burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.
- 2 Thy neighbour ? 't is the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door,
Go thou and succour him.
- 3 Thy neighbour ? 't is that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim ;
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain ;
Go thou and comfort him.
- 4 Thy neighbour ? 't is the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem ;
Widow and orphan helpless left :—
Go thou and shelter them.
- 5 Thy neighbour ? yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave ;
Go thou and ransom him.

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- 6 O! pass not, pass not, heedless by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery:
O! share thy lot with him.

321. (MAT. X. 42.) C.M. DEVIZES.

The pleasures of sympathy and gratitude.

- 1 O sweeter than the fragrant flower,
At evening's dewy close,
The will, united with the power,
To succour human woes!
- 2 And softer than the softest strain
Of music to the ear,
The placid joy we give and gain
By gratitude sincere.
- 3 'T is he, who scatters blessings round,
Adores his Maker best;
His walk through life is mercy-crowned,
His bed of death is blest.

322. (1 COR. XIII. 7.) C.M. NEW CAMBRIDGE.

Charity hopeth all things.

- 1 I may not scorn the meanest thing
That on the earth doth crawl;
The slave who dares not burst his chain,
The tyrant in his hall.
- 2 The vile oppressor who hath made
The widowed mother mourn,
Though worthless, soulless, he may stand,
I cannot, dare not scorn.

- 3 The darkest night that shrouds the sky,
Of beauty hath a share ;
The blackest heart hath signs to tell
That God still lingers there.
- 4 I pity all that evil are,—
I pity and I mourn ;
But the Supreme hath fashioned all,
And, oh, I dare not scorn.

323. (JAS. II. 12-16.) C.M. MT. PLEASANT.

Active beneficence.

- 1 O, how can they look up to heaven,
And ask for mercy there,
Who never soothed the poor man's pang,
Nor dried the orphan's tear ?
- 2 The dread omnipotence of heaven
We every hour provoke ;
Yet still the mercy of our God
Withholds the avenging stroke.
- 3 And Christ was still the healing friend
Of poverty and pain ;
And never did imploring wretch
His garment touch in vain.
- 4 May we with humble effort take
Example from above ;
And thence the active lesson learn
Of charity and love.

324. (JAS. I. 27.) L.M. DUKESTREET.

Charity.

- 1 Come, let us sound her praise abroad,
Sweet charity, the child of God !
Hers, on whose kind maternal breast
The sheltered babes of misery rest :
- 2 Who, when she sees the sufferer bleed,
Reckless of name, or sect, or creed,
Comes, with prompt hand and look benign,
To bathe his wounds in oil and wine :
- 3 Who, in her robe the sinner hides,
And soothes and pities while she chides ;
Who lends an ear to every cry,
And asks no plea but misery.
- 4 Her tender mercies freely fall,
Like heaven's refreshing dews, on all ;
Encircling in their wide embrace,
Her friends, her foes,—the human race.
- 5 Nor bounded to the earth alone,
Her love expands to worlds unknown ;
Wherever faith's rapt thought has soared,
Or hope her upward flight explored.

325. (1 COR. XIII. 13.) L.M. JOB.

Faith, hope, and charity.

- 1 Faith, hope, and charity, these three,—
Yet is the greatest charity ;
Father of light, these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart :

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- 2 Faith, that in prayer can never fail,
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail,
And charity, whose name above
Is God's own name; for God is love.
- 3 The morning star is lost in light ;
Faith vanishes at perfect sight ;
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And hope, with sorrow's fading form.
- 4 But charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the reach of death and time,
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

326. (1 COR. XIII.) C.M.D. ST. MATTHEW'S.
Charity the noblest of Christian graces.

- 1 Though perfect eloquence adorned
The sweet persuasive tongue :
Though we could speak in higher strains
Than ever angels sung :
Though prophecy our souls inspired,
And made all mysteries plain :
Yet, were we void of Christian love,
These gifts were all in vain.
- 2 Although with liberal hand we gave
Our goods the poor to feed,
Or gave our bodies to the flames,
Still fruitless were the deed :
Nay, though our faith, with boundless power,
Even mountains could remove,
We still are nothing, if we're void
Of charity and love.

327. (1 COR. XIII. 1-3.) L.M. BIRMINGHAM.

Religion vain without love.

- 1 Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use ;
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell ;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing, without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hunger of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name ;
- 4 If love to God, and love to man,
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The place of love can ever fill.

328. (JAS. II.) C.M. PETERBOROUGH.

Human brotherhood.

- 1 All men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies ;
All men are equal, when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.
- 2 God meets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts their hands have made ;
And hears the worshipper who bows
Beneath the plantain-shade.

- 3 'T is man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low,
And worships those, and tramples these,
While the same path they go.
- 4 O, let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love ;
In power and wealth exult no more ;
In wisdom lowly move.
- 5 Ye great ! renounce your earth-born pride ;
Ye low ! your shame and fear ;
Live, as ye worship, side by side,—
Your brotherhood revere.

329. (MAT. XXV. 34—40.) L.M. ISLINGTON.

The blessings of charity.

- 1 How blest are they who daily prove,
By acts of charity and love,
The fervent gratitude they owe
To him from whom all blessings flow !
- 2 In hours of sickness, or of pain,
God will their fainting souls sustain ;
Bright hopes shall cheer the bed of death,
Sweet peace attend their parting breath.
- 3 When, summoned from the silent tomb,
The assembled world await their doom,
These shall behold their Saviour's face
Beaming with smiles of heavenly grace ;

- 4 And from his lips their raptured ear
Shall this, their gracious sentence, hear,
'Come, O ye blessed of the Lord,
Come, and receive your bright reward.'

330. (1 TIM. II. 1-6.) L.M. PERU.

The charitable spirit of the gospel.

- 1 While some presume, with partial views,
To limit God's paternal care,
My soul, religiously refuse
In their unhallowed faith to share.
- 2 Know that for all the Saviour died ;
That hopes of bliss to all are given ;
That grace to none shall be denied
Who seek the path that leads to heaven.
- 3 Let Christian love's celestial flame
Shed its bright glory o'er my mind ;
That every dark and selfish aim
May yield to love of all mankind.
- 4 With such affections in my breast,
My hopes survey that happy shore,
Where all the good from trouble rest,
And meet in love, to part no more.

331. (ROM. II.) C.M. HEIGHINGTON.

The grace of God extended to all mankind.

- 1 Hence be the narrow mind, that views
The heathen with disdain !
Hence be the arrogance, that dares
To limit mercy's reign !

- 2 For ever open are thy doors,
Thou city of our God !
By every people, kindred, tongue,
Shall thy wide courts be trod.
- 3 While guilty Christians, shuddering, see
The gates of mercy close,
Then, shall the children of the south
With Abram's sons repose.
- 4 To them may simple nature prove
A safe, though feeble ray ;
While sinners suffer by the laws
They dared to disobey.

332. (REV. VII. 9.) L.M. BIRMINGHAM.

Final acceptance of the righteous.

- 1 From north and south, from east and west,
Advance the myriads of the blest :
From every clime of earth they come,
And find in heaven a common home.
- 2 In one immortal throng we view
Pagan and Christian, Greek and Jew ;
But, all their doubts and darkness o'er,
One only God they now adore.
- 3 Howe'er divided here below,
One bliss, one spirit, now they know ;
Though some ne'er heard of Jesus' name,
Yet God admits their honest claim.

- 4 On earth, according to their light,
They aimed to practise what was right ;
Hence all their errors are forgiven,
And Jesus welcomes them to heaven.

333. (ACTS x. 34, 35.) C.M. ST. ALBAN'S.

The universal prayer.

- 1 Father of all ! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.
- 2 Thou great first cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this,—that thou art good,
And that myself am blind ;—
- 3 If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find the better way.
- 4 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.
- 5 This day be bread and peace my lot ;
All else beneath the sun
Thou knowest if best bestowed or not,
And let thy will be done.

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- 6 Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
Or deal damnation round the land
On each I deem thy foe.
- 7 Nor even to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound ;
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.
- 8 To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, air, skies,—
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.

VI.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

334. (1 Cor. x. 16, 17.) S.M. BOLSTER'S.

The communion.

- 1 Jesus invites his friends
To meet around his board ;
Here, may we sit with hope, and hold
Communion with our Lord.
- 2 Here, we show forth that love,
Which spoke in every breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.
- 3 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his people one :
We are the children of his love,
And he the first-born son.
- 4 One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God above we know :
Brethren we are ; let every heart
With kind affection glow.
- 5 Let all our powers unite
The Saviour's name to raise ;
Let gratitude fill every mind,
And every voice be praise !

335. (Ps. xxvi., cxvi.) C.M. DUBLIN.*Going to the Lord's table.*

- 1 Mine hands in innocence, O Lord,
I'll wash and purify,
And to thy holy altar go,
While promised grace is nigh.
- 2 Thank-offerings I to thee will give,
And on God's name will call ;
I'll pay my vows now to the Lord,
Before his people all.
- 3 The habitation of thy house,
Lord, I have loved well ;
Yea, in that place I do delight,
Where doth thine honor dwell.
- 4 I'll of salvation take the cup,
On God's name will I call ;
I'll pay my vows now to the Lord,
Before his people all.
- 5 How happy all thy servants are !
How great thy grace to me !
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 6 Now, I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move ;
Thou hast redeemed me from my fears,
And bound me with thy love.

336. (LU. XXII. 19, 20.) C.M. DUBLIN.

' This do in remembrance of me.'

- 1 According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, our sacrifice !
I must remember thee :—
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

337. (JN. XVII. 20.) C.M. SMYRNA.*' Neither pray I for these alone.'*

- 1 'O, not for these alone I pray !
The dying Saviour said ;
Though on his breast, that moment, lay
The loved disciple's head :
- 2 Though to his eye, that moment, sprung
The kind, the pitying tear,
For those that eager round him hung,
His words of love to hear.
- 3 No, not for them alone he prayed,—
For all of mortal race,
Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,
Where'er their dwelling-place.
- 4 Sweet is the thought, when here we meet
His feast of love to share ;
And, 'mid the toils of life, how sweet
The memory of his prayer !
- 5 O ! ne'er in souls that seek his face
Let harsher passions reign,
To tell the unbelieving race
The Saviour prayed in vain.

338. (1 COR. XI. 18, &c.) L.M. PORTUGAL.*At the communion-table.*

- 1 Here, Lord, when, at thy table met,
Our good and evil we survey ;
O, leave us not to vain regret
For precious moments passed away.

- 2 From selfish aims, from narrow views,
O, set our willing spirits free ;
And every purer thought infuse,
Befitting those who come to thee.
- 3 And here, O Lord, the blessed balm
Of comfort let thy mourners share :
And, mortal griefs subdued and calm,
Learn, meekly learn, the cross to bear.
- 4 Thus may the cup of blessing, given
From hand to hand, new life impart ;
And Jesus, the best gift of heaven,
Reign sovereign Lord in every heart.

339. (JN. XI. 36.) L.M. LUTHER'S.

Meditations at communion.

- 1 ' See how he loved ! ' exclaimed the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell :
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.
- 2 See how he loved, who travelled on,
Teaching the doctrine from the skies ;
Who bade disease and pain be gone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.
- 3 See how he loved, who, firm yet mild,
Patient endured the scoffing tongue ;
Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,
No did his greatest foe a wrong.

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- 4 See how he loved, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death ;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.
- 5 Such love can we, unmoved, survey ?
O may our breast with ardour glow,
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affection show !

340. (1 COR. V. 8) C.M. MARTYRDOM.

Proper dispositions at communion.

- 1 O here, if ever, God of love !
Let strife and hatred cease ;
And every thought harmonious move,
And every heart be peace.
- 2 Not here, when met to think on him,
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.
- 3 No, gracious Master ! not in vain
Thy life of love hath been ;
The peace thou gavest shall yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.
- 4 ‘ Thy kingdom come ! ’ we watch, we wait
To hear thy cheering call ;
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

341. (ROM. VI. 1-7.) C.M. OLDHAM.

After communion.

- 1 And shall we then go on to sin,
That grace may more abound?
Great God! forbid that such a thought
Should in our breast be found!
- 2 With Christ the Lord we die to sin;
With him to life we rise,—
To life, which, now begun on earth,
Is perfect in the skies.
- 3 Too long enthralled to Satan's sway,
We now are slaves no more;
For Christ hath vanquished death and sin,
Our freedom to restore.

342. (LU. I. 68-79.) 8s. & 7s.M. JUDGMENT.

Conclusion of the communion service.

- 1 Now to God, who sent salvation,
Joyful hallelujahs raise;
And, in fervent adoration,
Swell the sacred notes of praise.
- 2 Hail with joy the mighty Saviour,
Who, from God that reigns above,
Came, with terms of peace and favour,
Borne on wings of heavenly love!
- 3 Having now, with hearts consenting,
Vowed obedience to his laws,
Be our souls, of sin repenting,
Ever faithful to his cause.

- 4 Gracious God ! may thy rich blessing
Still attend thy service here ;
Till thy saints, thy love possessing,
All, at length, in heaven appear.

343. (GAL. III. 26, 27.) L.M. EATON.

Baptism or dedication of a child.

- 1 God of our fathers, and our God,
Our children's God, our Father thou !
To thee we bring our infant child,
And breathe for *him* our heartfelt vow.
- 2 The gentle offering, Lord ! receive,
And hear a parent's anxious prayer ;
To thee we consecrate *his* life,
And trust *him* to thy tender care.
- 3 Should earthly friends and kindred fail,
And leave *him* prey to passions wild ;—
Should folly try to lead astray,
O ! pity and protect the child.
- 4 O ! may that Saviour, in whose name
We now devote *him*, Lord, to thee,
Be the bright pattern of *his* life,
The star of all *his* destiny !
- 5 Be near *him* in the dangerous time,
When pleasures lure, when sorrows lower ;
O ! be *his* stay in youth, in age,—
His comfort in the parting hour.

344. (Ps. CXXII.) C.M. ARLINGTON.*Our native land.*

- 1 Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O, hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.
- 2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell:
Our children too :—how should we love
Another land so well?
- 3 O, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless :
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee ;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
- 5 Here may religion pure and mild
Upon our sabbaths smile ;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native isle.
- 6 Lord of the nations ! thus to thee
Our country we commend ;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend !

345. (1 PET. II. 11-17.) P.M. NATIONAL ANTHEM.

National anthem.

- 1 God bless our native land !
 May heaven's protecting hand
 Still guard our shore :
 May peace her power extend ;
 Foe be transformed to friend,
 And Britain's rights depend
 On war no more.

- 2 Through every changing scene,
 O Lord ! preserve our *Queen* !
 Long may *she* reign !
Her heart inspire and move
 With wisdom from above,
 And in a nation's love
 Her throne maintain.

- 3 May just and righteous laws
 Uphold the public cause,
 And bless our Isle.
 Home of the brave and free,
 The land of liberty,
 We pray that still on thee
 Kind heaven may smile.

- 4 And not this land alone ;
 But be thy mercies known
 From shore to shore.
 Lord ! make the nations see
 That men should brothers be,
 And form one family
 The wide world o'er.

346. (LU. II. 40-52.) P.M. MARINER'S.

Sunday-school hymn.

- 1 Little children stand before thee,
Lord, to offer up their praise ;
Deign to hear their infant voices,
While their humble hymn they raise.
- 2 We would praise and bless thee, Father,
For the Saviour thou hast given ;
He was our great teacher, leader,
Sent to guide us all to heaven.
- 3 May we follow his example,
Give our youthful hearts to thee,
And, like him, O Lord, the beauty
Of thine own salvation see.
- 4 May we know the precious lessons,
That we in thy Bible find ;
May its heavenly precepts ever
Make us humble, good, and kind.
- 5 Little children ask thy blessing ;
May they ever seek thy face !
Make them, like their great Redeemer,
Grow in wisdom and in grace.

347. (PS. V.) L.M. BRENTWOOD.

Morning hymn.

- 1 Awake my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Glory to God, who safe hath kept,
And hath refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, that when from death I wake,
I may of endless life partake.
- 3 Be all my thoughts and words sincere,
My conscience as the noon-day clear,
For thine all-seeing eye surveys
My secret thoughts, and all my ways.

348. (Ps. III., IV.) L.M. BRENTWOOD.

Evening hymn.

- 1 Glory to thee, my God! this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, king of kings!
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord! through thy dear son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 O, let my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To work thy will when I awake.
- 4 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

349. (Ps. xci. 5, &c.) 8s. & 7s.M. MARINER'S.

Evening hymn.

- 1 Holiest ! breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us ;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee ;
Thou art he, who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

350. (Ps. cxlvii.) L.M.P. PLYMOUTH DOCK.

The seasons.

- 1 Through every changing season, Lord !
Our grateful songs to thee are due :
Thou givest the genial warmth of spring
The faded verdure to renew :
And every tenant of the grove
Will join us in our songs of love.

- 2 How lovely is the morning's dawn,
When hills on every side rejoice !
How lovely is the evening's fall
By streams that utter forth a voice,
When summer spreads her flowers abroad
O'er all the altars of our God !
- 3 'T is evening still ; the moon is up ;
O'er all the yellow corn it glows ;—
O ! what an hour for souls to feel
The presence, whence this goodness flows !
Goodness, to everything that lives,
Its life, its food, its beauty gives.
- 4 When, from the clouds descend the snows,
And hoar-frosts are like ashes driven,
We 'll think on all our sunny skies,
And sunny scenes our God hath given,
Till one unchanging sun arise
Eternal in the summer skies !

351. (Ps. LXV. 8–13.) P.M. LENNOX.

Divine providence in the seasons.

- 1 Lord of the worlds below !
On earth thy glories shine ;
The changing seasons show
Thy skill and power divine,
The rolling years are full of thee ;
In all we see a God appears.
- 2 Forth, in the flowery spring,
We see thy beauty move,

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

The birds on branches sing
Thy tenderness and love ;
Wide flush the hills ; the air is balm ;
Devotion's calm our bosom fills.

3 Then come, in robes of light,
The summer's flaming days ;
The sun, thine image bright,
Thy majesty displays ;
And oft thy voice in thunder rolls ;
But still our souls in thee rejoice.

4 In autumn a rich feast
Thy common bounty gives
To man, and bird, and beast,
And everything that lives :
Thy liberal care, at morn and noon,
And harvest-moon, our lips declare.

5 In winter awful thou !
With storms around thee cast !
The leafless forests bow
Beneath thy northern blast :
While tempests lower, to thee, dread king,
We homage bring, and own thy power.

352. (Ps. xxxix.) 7s.M. PARIS.

Close of the year.

1 While, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the bygone year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.

- 2 Finished now probation's day,
They have done with all below :
We a little longer stay,
But how little none can know.
- 3 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind ;
- 4 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream :
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;
All below is but a dream.

353. (GEN. I. 14.) L.M.D. CREATION.

New year.

- 1 Light of the stars, and worlds unknown,
In whom all light and life abound !
Descending from thy glorious throne
The sun has made his yearly round.
Thou Ruler of all change and time !
Again we hail the same bright sun,
Rayed in thy majesty sublime,
Another annual course to run.
- 2 'T is God omnipotent that reigns ;
Let earth the shout of gladness raise !
Ye isles afar, join in the strains,
And praise him in your holy days.

For thou, from everlasting, Lord !
 To everlasting art the same ;
 No shade of change is in thy word ;
 The One eternal is thy name.

- 3 Ancient of days ! when day and night
 Shall cease to measure out thy love ;
 When time no more his lamp shall light
 At the eternal fount above ;—
 May every soul, that came from thee,
 In Jesus rise to thee again ;
 Thy praise be sung eternally,
 By every rank and tribe of men !

354. (Ps. CII. 11, &c.) L.M.D. CREATION.

New year.

- 1 Another year of grace is run,
 Another year of hope is given :
 Before the judgment-day comes on,
 O, fit our souls to live in heaven !
 Lord, we will pay thee all we can,
 Of this o'erwhelming debt we owe !
 As years still shorten life's short span,
 Our debts of love still larger grow.
- 2 In Jesus let our fruits appear,—
 The fruits of holiness and love :
 O make us fitter every year,
 To join the assembled saints above !
 Lord, give our souls a heavenly birth ;
 Rising from grace to grace in thee,
 Rising above this grovelling earth
 To life and immortality !

355. (Ps. CXXVII.) C.M. IRISH.

On laying the foundation of a house of worship.

- 1 Thy creatures, Lord, before thee bow,
Thy love has blessed our race ;
Help us ! our grateful hearts would raise,
An altar to thy grace ;
- 2 Where still thy mercies may be shown,
Thy wondrous name adored,
Salvation's glorious truths made known ;
Be thou our help, O Lord !
- 3 That here thy children all may learn
The path their Saviour trod,
And how for man he bled and died ;—
Bless thou our work, O God !
- 4 Here, where our gray-haired fathers come
With grateful songs of praise,
May generations yet unborn
Their hymn of worship raise.
- 5 To God, our Father, and our King,
Let glory now be given ;
And may the songs, on earth begun,
Be sung by us in heaven.

356. (GEN. XXVIII. 16, &c.) L.M. WINCHESTER.

Dedication of a house of worship.

- 1 Where ancient forests widely spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall ;
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are thy temples, God of all !

- 2 All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by thee : but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thine own words of love are taught.
- 3 Here be they taught ; and may we know
That faith thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears, through weal or woe,
Till death the gates of heaven unfold.
- 4 Nor we alone : may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares,
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to thee still holier prayers.

357. (2 CHRON. VI. 12, &c.) L.M. SAVOY.

Opening a place of worship.

- 1 Here is a temple free to all
Who God our common Father call,
In his all-glorious word believe,
And Jesus as his Christ receive.
- 2 Here, may the truths, which Jesus gave,
Beam forth in all their power to save,
And kindle up that radiant faith,
Which brightens life, and shines on death.
- 3 Here, may the bonds, which love has tied
Be closer knit, and sanctified ;
To each a deeper interest given,
As bonds which may endure in heaven.

4 Here, in communion full and sweet,
May rich and poor together meet,
As brothers all, and regal heirs
Of that bright world the Lord prepares.

5 Here, may contrition meekly kneel,
And hope its stores of peace reveal;
And fainting virtue strength put on,
To struggle till its crown be won.

6 O God ! without whose fostering aid
In vain our fairest plans are laid,
With grace our humble work surround,
And make this truly hallowed ground.

358. (Ps. LXXX. 8, &c.) L.M. PORTUGAL.

Ordination-hymn.

1 O thou, who art above all height,
Our God, our father, and our friend,
Beneath thy throne of love and light
Let thy adoring children bend.

2 We kneel in praise that here is set
A vine that by thy culture grew ;
We kneel in prayer that thou wouldst wet
Its opening leaves with heavenly dew.

3 Since this thy servant now hath given
Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth,
To the great cause of truth and heaven,
Be thou his guide, O God of truth !

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 4 Here, may his doctrines drop like rain,
His speech, like Hermon's dew distil,
Till green fields smile, and golden grain
Ripe for the harvest wait thy will !
- 5 And when he sinks in death, by care,
Or pain, or toil, or years oppress,
O God, remember then our prayer,
And take his spirit to thy rest.

359. (MAT. X. 16, &c.) L.M.D. CREATION.

Settlement of a minister.

- 1 O thou, who on thy chosen Son
Didst send thy spirit like a dove,
To mark the long expected one,
And seal the messenger of love ;
And when the heralds of his name
Went forth his glorious truth to spread,
Didst send it down in tongues of flame,
To hallow each devoted head ;
- 2 So, Lord, thy servant now inspire
With holy unction from above ;
Give him the tongue of living fire,
Give him the temper of the dove.
Lord ! hear thy suppliant church to-day ;
Accept our work, our souls possess ;
'T is ours to labour, watch and pray ;
Be thine to cheer, sustain and bless.

360. (DAN. XII. 3.) C.M. MARTYRDOM.

On the death of a minister.

- 1 Though mortal pastors sleep in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue;
- 2 The eternal shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 3 To him, when earthly comforts fail,
His suppliant people fly;
And on the heavenly shepherd's care
With cheerful hope rely.
- 4 Exert thy sacred influence here;
Thy mourning servants bless;
O, change to strains of cheerful praise
Their accents of distress!

361. (ACTS II. 46.) L.M. NEW SABBATH.

Meeting of ministers.

- 1 While here we meet with glad accord,
And greetings warm and kind are given;
We pause amid our joy, O Lord!
And lift our grateful souls to heaven.
- 2 Thy love permits, thine eye surveys
The gathering of these faithful bands,
Who come to celebrate thy praise,
And strengthen here each other's hands.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 3 From different churches, Lord, we come,
And now as friends and brethren meet ;
Within thy house we find our home,
And here we dwell in union sweet.
- 4 Our hearts shall feel the holy flame
Of Christian friendship, while we sing
The triumphs of our master's name,
The glories of our heavenly king.
- 5 God of the faithful ! now with power
Some portion of thy spirit give,
And let the memory of this hour
Be sweet and precious while we live.

362. (Is. ix. 2-4.) C.M.D. NEW ST. ASAPH.

The early reformers.

- 1 An offering at the shrine of power
Our hands shall never bring ;
A garland on the car of pomp
Our hands shall never fling :
Applauding in the conqueror's path
Our voices ne'er shall be ;
But we have hearts to honour those
Who bade the world go free.
- 2 Praise to the good, the pure, the great,
Who made us what we are !
Who lit the flame, which yet shall glow
With radiance brighter far.
Glory to them in coming time,
And through eternity,
Who burst the captive's galling chains,
And bade the world go free.

363. (HEB. XI. 33, 34.) P.M. TRIUMPH.*Heroes, martyrs and sages.*

- 1 Praise to the heroes, who struck for the right,
When freedom and truth were defended in
fight:
Of blood-shedding hirelings the deeds are
abhorred,
But the patriot smites with the sword of the
Lord.
- 2 Praise to the martyrs who died for the right,
Nor ever bowed down at the bidding of
might;
Their ashes were cast all abroad on the
wind,
But more widely the blessings they won for
mankind.
- 3 Praise to the sages, the teachers of right,
Whose voice in the darkness, said, 'Let there
be light.'
The sophist may gain the renown of an hour,
But wisdom is glory, and knowledge is power !
- 4 Heroes, martyrs, and sages, the prophets of
right,
They foresaw, and they made man's futurity
bright ;
Their fame would ascend, though the world
sink in flames,
Be their spirit on all, who sing praise to their
names !

364. (Is. xlv.) P.M. DUNKIRK.

Missionary hymn.

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

365. (Ezek. xxxvi. 24, &c.) L.M.P. CONFERENCE.

Restoration of Judah.

- 1 Why, Judah, do thy children stray,
Through lands their fathers never knew?

Why go they mourning all the day,
And tales of woe each night renew?
'T was sin that made their Zion fall,
And wrote destruction on her wall!

2 O Rachel, Laban's fairest child!
Is this thy daughter at my door?
She comes, with language strange but mild,
The Christian's kindness to implore:
How happy they in death who sleep,
Nor o'er their country's ruins weep!

3 O Jacob's God! lift now thy hand,
In mercy to thine ancient race!
Restore them to their father-land,
Beneath the Saviour's reign of grace!
Where Bethlehem's star, where Sharon's
 rose,
O'er kings' and prophets' ashes blows.

366. (2 THES. III. 1.) C.M. NEW LYDIA.

Prayer for the spread of the gospel.

1 Great God of grace! arise and shine
 With beams of heavenly light;
From this dark world of sin dispel
 The long and doleful night.

2 No more may senseless idols share
 The honours due to thee;
May every nation know thy name,
 And thy salvation see.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

- 3 No more may persecution dare
 To lift her iron rod,
No longer shed the martyr's blood,
 And plead a zeal for God.
- 4 With its own pure and native light,
 Lord, may thy gospel shine :
May error fly like noxious mists
 Before the light divine.

VII.

DEVOUT ASPIRATIONS.

367. (EPH. V. 8-17.) L.M.P. EATON.

Prayer for divine guidance.

- 1 Creator-spirit, by whose light
The sleeping worlds were called from night!
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.
- 2 O source of uncreated light,
By whom our souls emerged from night!
Our frailty help, our vice control,
Thou ruler of our secret soul!
And, lest our feet should haply stray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

368. (1 TIM. VI. 6, &c.) L.M.P. CONFERENCE.

Temporal and spiritual blessings.

- 1 Teach me to number o'er my days,
O thou who didst their sum decree!
And each new morn's reviving rays
To welcome, as a gift from thee;
Yea, every hour of life to own
As still another mercy shewn.

- 2 Grant me at morn new zeal and zest,
Give stedfastness and strength by day,
At night give renovating rest,
And make me watchful, active, gay,—
Delighting in each duty still
Imposed upon me by thy will.
- 3 Lead me, throughout this vale of tears,
The gospel's promised peace to find !
Not longing, not opprest with fears,
But with unawed, unaltered mind ;—
Then, God of grace, there's nothing more
On earth that 's wanted to my store !

369. (Ps. xxv.) L.M. EATON.

Supplication for spiritual light.

- 1 While here, as wandering sheep, we stray,
Teach us, oh teach us, Lord, thy way ;
Dispose our hearts, with sacred awe,
To love thy word, to keep thy law.
- 2 Great source of light to all below !
Teach us thy holy will to know :
Teach us to read thy word aright,
And make it our supreme delight.
- 3 Since inward truth thy laws require,
That inward truth, O Lord ! inspire ;
In every heart let wisdom shine,
And give us purity divine.
- 4 Maker, instructor, judge of all !
Oh hear us, when on thee we call !
Preserve us in thy holy ways,
And teach our hearts to speak thy praise.

370. (2 CHRON. I. 10-12.) L.M. TRANQUILLITY.

Prayer for divine wisdom.

- 1 Lord, I accept thy offered grace,
I come to seek my Father's face :
Nor will he turn his face away,
Who taught my heart and lips to pray.
- 2 I ask not wealth, nor pomp, nor power,
Nor the vain pleasures of an hour :
My soul aspires to nobler things
Than all the pride and state of kings.
- 3 One thing I ask ; O wilt thou hear,
And grant my soul a gift so dear ?
Wisdom descending from above,
The sweetest token of thy love ;—
- 4 Wisdom betimes to know the Lord,
To fear thy name, and keep thy word ;
Wisdom, that I thy truth may see,
And find the path that leads to thee.

371. (JOB XXXII.) L.M. DUKESTREET.

Wisdom and virtue sought from God.

- 1 Supreme and universal light !
Fountain of reason ! judge of right !
Parent of good, whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below !
- 2 Assist us, Lord ! to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree ;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came.

- 3 No slave to profit, shame or fear,—
O may my steadfast bosom bear
The stamp of heaven, an honest heart,
Above the mean disguise of art.
- 4 O Father ! heavenly wisdom grant ;
No more we wish, no more we want ;
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliss above.

372. (JN. VI. 34.) C.M. HINTON.

The bread of life.

- 1 O King of earth and air and sea !
The hungry ravens cry to thee ;
To thee the scaly tribes that sweep
The bosom of the boundless deep.
- 2 Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness ;
And thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray
For daily bread from day to day.
- 3 And O, when through the wilds we roam
That part us from thy heavenly home ;
When lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow ;—
- 4 Do thou thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live ;
And grant thy servants, Lord, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day !

373. (HEB. XII. 18-24.) 8s. & 7s.M.D. HAYDN'S.
Mercy of God adored.

- 1 Praise to God, the great Creator,
 Bounteous source of all our joy ;
 Him, whose hand upholds all nature,
 Him, whose nod can all destroy.
 Saints, with pious zeal attending,
 Now the grateful tribute raise :
 Solemn songs to heaven ascending,
 Join the universal praise !
- 2 Round his awful foot-stool kneeling,
 Lowly bend with contrite souls ;
 Here his milder grace revealing ;
 Sinai here no thunder rolls.
 Lo, the eternal page before us,
 Bears the covenant of his love !
 Full of mercy to restore us,
 Mercy beaming from above !

374. (Ps. xxxv.) P.M. KYLE.
Against despair.

- 1 The gloomiest day hath gleams of light,
 That promise fairer things to cheer us :
 And, in the mourner's darkest night,
 We know the morning star is near us.
- 2 The gloomiest soul, that sin has made,
 The saddest heart, is not all sadness :
 And o'er the grave, where beauty 's laid,
 The daisy seems to smile with gladness.

- 3 The Christian never will despair;
 Nor life, nor death, his future closes :
 His close of day is calm and fair,
 Like summer-dews among the roses.
- 4 Then, rise my soul, shake off the gloom ;
 These are the clouds of sin and sorrow :
 The sun of faith shines on the tomb ;
 The sun of hope will rise to-morrow.

375. (MARK IX. 24.) C.M.D. ST. MATTHEW'S.

Help thou our unbelief.

- 1 Father, when o'er our trembling hearts
 Doubt's shadows gathering brood,
 When faith in thee almost departs,
 And gloomiest fears intrude,
 Forsake us not, O God of grace,
 But send those fears relief ;
 Grant us again to see thy face ;
 Lord, help our unbelief.
- 2 When sorrow comes, and joys are flown,
 And fondest hopes lie dead,
 And blessings, long esteemed our own,
 Are now for ever fled ;
 When the bright promise of our spring
 Is but a withered leaf,
 Lord, to thy truth still let us cling ;
 Help thou our unbelief.
- 3 And when the powers of nature fail,
 Upon the couch of pain,
 Nor love, nor friendship can avail,
 The spirit to detain ;

DEVOUT ASPIRATIONS.

Then, Father, be our closing eyes
Undimmed by tears of grief;
And if a trembling doubt arise,
Help thou our unbelief.

376. (Ps. cxix. 33-40.) C.M. KILMARNOCK.

Desire of holiness.

- 1 O that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still !
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will !
- 2 From vanity turn off mine eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 3 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 4 Make me to walk in thy commands ;
'T is a delightful road !
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

377. (2 THES. III. 16.) C.M. ARLINGTON.

Prayer for peace of God.

- 1 Whene'er along the shore we wind,
And view the ocean roll ;
How true an emblem may we find
Of man's perturbed soul !

DEVOUT ASPIRATIONS.

- 2 But thou, great Spirit, who along
The waters first didst move ;
And straight from warring chaos sprung
Light, harmony, and love ;
- 3 O, passion's ruder storm control !
Bid mental discord cease ;
And breathe upon the troubled soul
Thy last, best gift of peace.

378. (ROM. XV. 13.) P.M. DUNKIRK.

Joy and peace in believing.

- 1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings :
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new ;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
' Even let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may !'

379. (Ps. cxxx. 5, 6.) 7s.M. PLYMOUTH.

The soul.

- 1 What is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest?
- 2 Naught that charms the ear or eye
Can its hunger satisfy;
Active, restless, it would pierce
Through the outward universe.
- 3 What is it? and whither, whence?
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good?
- 4 'T is the soul! mysterious name!
Him it seeks from whom it came;
It would, mighty God, like thee,
Holy, holy, holy be.

380. (Ps. cxix. 169, &c.) C.M. HIBERNIA.

Prayer for divine direction.

- 1 Eternal source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise,
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.
- 2 Our dark and erring minds illumine
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

DEVOUT ASPIRATIONS.

- 3 Safely conduct us, by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road ;
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
At thy right hand, O God !

381. (Ps. xxvii. 7-9.) C.M. NEW LONDON.

Conversing with God.

- 1 Speak with us, Lord ! thyself reveal,
While here on earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.
- 2 With thee conversing, we forget
All times, and toil, and care :
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here then, O Lord, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
My gladdened heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek thy face ;
'T is all I wish to seek ;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

382. (Jas. v. 13.) C.M. IRISH.

Devout regards to the divine will.

- 1 While thee I seek, protecting power !
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,—
That mercy I adore !
- 3 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 4 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will !

383. (Ps. CXXIV.) C.M. DEVIZES.

Aspiring after God.

- 1 The dove, let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam :
- 2 But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay ;
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.
- 3 So grant me, God, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee :

DEVOUT ASPIRATIONS.

- 4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs ;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

384. (Ps. LV. 6, &c.) L.M.D. DELAMAIN.

' O that I had wings like a dove !

- 1 The floods of grief have spread around ;
I 'm weary of the tossing waste :
O that I had the dove's light wings
To flee away and be at rest !
There is a rest with him whose love
Will shelter me with tender care :
He sent me forth ;—he calls me back,
Till all again be bright and fair.
- 2 Then let me cast my cares on him
Who cheers the contrite, soothes the worn :
The parent-nurse forgets her babe
Sooner than he the hearts that mourn.
I seize the promise, sure as mild,
Help to my need, strength to my day,—
For those that wait, bright worlds reserved,
Whence sin and sorrow flee away.

385. (Ps. LVI.) L.M. TRANQUILLITY.

The guidance of God's spirit.

- 1 Grant us thy spirit, God of love,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide ;
O'er every thought and step preside.

- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way :
Plant holy fear in every heart,
Nor let us from thy ways depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.
- 4 Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is ;
Lead us to thee, our final rest,
Among the blessed to be blest.

386. (Ps. xci.) P.M. EDMESTON.

Cameronian midnight-hymn.

- 1 O, thou who dwellest in the heavens so high,
Beyond yon stars, and within yon sky,
Where the dazzling fields need no other light,
Nor the sun by day, nor the moon by night ;
- 2 Though shining millions around thee stand ;
For the sake of him at thy right hand,
Oh ! think on the souls that he died for here,
Thus wandering in darkness, and doubt and
fear !
- 3 Our night is dreary, and dim our day ;
And if thou turnest thy face away,
We are sinful, feeble, and helpless dust,
We have none to look to, and none to trust !

- 4 The powers of darkness are all abroad;
They own no Saviour, they fear no God !
But in all our sorrows to thee we pray ;
Our fathers' God ! turn not thy face away !

387. (Ps. CL.) P.M. DARNLEY..

Self-dedication.

- 1 O Lord ! thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to thee,
To thee, my God ! to thee.
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee,
On thee, my God ! on thee.
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;
Thou 'rt present, Lord, in every place ;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee,
To thee, my God ! to thee.
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of thy wing,
My sweetest thoughts henceforth shall be,
That all I want, I find in thee,
In thee, my God ! in thee.

388. (1 THESS. IV. 17.) S.M. BOLSTER'S.

'For ever with the Lord.'

- 1 ' For ever with the Lord !
 So, Father ! let it be :
Life from the dead is in that word ;
 'T is immortality.
- 2 Here, in the body pent,
 Absent from thee I roam ;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.
- 3 ' For ever with the Lord !
 Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
 Even here to me fulfil.
- 4 So, when my latest breath
 Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

389. (JER. VIII. 20.) C.M. MANCHESTER.

Desire of self-consecration.

- 1 As o'er the past my memory strays,
 Why heaves the secret sigh ?
'T is that I mourn departed days,
 Still unprepared to die.
- 2 The world, and worldly things beloved,
 My anxious thoughts employed ;
While time unhallowed, unimproved,
 Presents a fearful void.

DEVOUT ASPIRATIONS.

- 3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from this labouring breast :
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer ;
That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's best remnant all be thine :
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to thee !

390. (Ps. LXXXVIII.) C.M. ST. ALBAN'S.

Fervency of devotion.

- 1 O send thy spirit from above,
With all its quickening powers ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Unless thy spirit warms our songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 3 Then send thy spirit from above,
With all its quickening powers !
And may its fruits of faith, and love,
And hope and joy, be ours.

391. (MAT. VII. 8.) C.M. FERNS.

Grace to help.

- 1 O Lord ! our languid souls inspire,
For here we trust thou art ;
Send down a coal of living fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

- 2 Thou, God of grace, art everywhere ;
But here thy love display ;
Thy goodness gives a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 3 Within thy house let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell ;
Oh, give the troubled conscience ease !
The wounded spirit heal !
- 4 Like lambs which seek a sheltered place
From winter's bitter wind ;
So let thy servants seek thy grace :
So let us seek and find !

392. (2 PET. I. 4.) P.M. ST. DILLON.

Partakers of the divine nature.

- 1 Arouse thee, soul !
Be what thou surely art,
An emanation from the Deity,
A flutter of that heart,
Which fills all nature, sea, and earth, and
sky :
Arouse thee, soul !
- 2 Arouse thee, soul !
And let the body do
Some worthy deed for human happiness,
To join, when earth is through,
Unto thy name, what angels both may bless :
Arouse thee, soul !

- 3 Arouse thee, soul !
 Leave nothings of the earth ;
 And if the body be not strong to dare,
 To blessed thoughts give birth,
 High as yon heaven, pure as heaven's air :
 Arouse thee, soul !

393. (Ps. XL.) C.M. OLDHAM.

Want of religious zeal.

- 1 Long I have sat beneath the sound
 Of thy salvation, Lord ;
 Yet still how weak my faith is found,
 And knowledge of thy word !
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
 And hear almost in vain ;
 What faint impressions of thy grace
 My languid powers retain !
- 3 Great God ! thy gracious aid impart,
 To give thy word success ;
 Write all its precepts on my heart,
 And deep its truths impress.
- 4 O, speed my progress in the way
 That leads to joys on high ;
 Where knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.

394. (LU. VI. 45.) C.M. CLIFFORD.

The heart's treasures.

- 1 O ! for a heart, a stronger heart,
So fortified by grace,
That sin, at no unguarded hour,
May find a vacant place !
- 2 O ! for a heart that knows itself,
It's most besetting sin ;
It's open enemies without,
It's treacherous foes within !
- 3 O ! for a purer, wiser heart,
As harmless as the dove ;
With more of hope, and manly truth,
And less of selfish love !
- 4 O ! for a heart that could love more
Than this cold heart of mine,
To lean upon my Saviour's breast,
And feast on love divine !

395. (MAT. VI. 9-14.) C.M. IRISH.

The Lord's prayer.

- 1 Father of all ! we bow to thee,
Who dwell'st in heaven adored ;
But present still through all thy works,
The universal Lord.
- 2 For ever hallowed be thy name
By all beneath the skies ;
And may thy kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory rise.

DEVOUT ASPIRATIONS.

- 3 A grateful homage may we yield,
With hearts resigned to thee :
And as in heaven thy will is done,
On earth so let it be.
- 4 From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still :
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented in thy will.
- 5 Our sins before thee we confess ;
O, may they be forgiven !
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg from heaven.
- 6 Still let thy grace our life direct ;
From evil guard our way ;
And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.
- 7 For thine the power, the kingdom thine ;
All glory 's due to thee :
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

396. (REV. XIX. 1-6.) P.M. HELMSLEY.

Joy in heaven and hope on earth.

- 1 Hallelujah ! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above !
Hallelujah ! thou repeatest,
Angel-host, these notes of love :
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

DEVOUT ASPIRATIONS.

- 2 Hallelujah ! church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky !
Hallelujah ! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high !
 We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.
- 3 Hallelujah ! strains of gladness
Comfort not the faint and worn :
Hallelujah ! sounds of sadness
Best become the heart forlorn :
 Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.
- 4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God ! we raise to thee ;
Visit us with thy salvation ;
Make us all thy peace to see !
 Hallelujah !
Ours at length this strain shall be.

397. (JOB v. 6-11.) S.M. BOLSTER'S.

Sorrow and trial divine.

- 1 With God I leave my care,
Breathe out to him my grief :
He knows my need, regards my prayer,
Nor will deny relief.
- 2 Though all be gloom to-day,
He will not leave me long,
Whose spirit taught my heart to pray,
And moved my lips to song.

- 3 Not to destroy but save,
He lifts the chastening rod :
And sorrows a commission have
To bring us back to God.
- 4 O ! teach me to resign,
Without one faithless fear,
Father in heaven ! my will to thine,
Nor shed an idle tear.

398. (Ps. vi.) C.M. ST. NEOT'S.

In the prospect of death.

- 1 O thou unknown, almighty cause
Of all my hope and fear !
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear !
- 2 If I have wandered in those paths
Of life I ought to shun,—
As something, loudly in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done ;
- 3 Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stepped aside,—
Do thou, All-good, for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.
- 4 Where, with intention, I have erred,
No other plea I have,
But, thou art good ! and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

399. (JN. IV. 14.) C.M. ST. MARNOCK'S.

Virtue alone imperishable.

- 1 Sweet day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky ;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, alas ! must die.
- 2 Sweet rose ! in air whose odours wave,
And colour charms the eye ;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou, alas ! must die.
- 3 Sweet spring ! of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie ;
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
Thou too, alas ! must die.
- 4 Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly :
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
It lives, and cannot die.

400. (REV. VII. 13, &c.) C.M. NEW ST. ASAPH.

The martyrs glorified.

- 1 How bright these glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their bright array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?
Lo ! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

DEVOUT ASPIRATIONS.

- 2 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.
His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing :
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.
- 3 The Lamb, which dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside ;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
'Mong pastures green he 'll lead his flock ;
Where living streams appear ;
And God, the Lord, from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

401. (PROV. X. 9.) P.M. BACH'S.

The blessedness of the righteous.

- 1 He who walks in virtue's way,
Firm and fearless, walketh surely ;
Diligent while yet 't is day,
On he speeds, and speeds securely :
Flowers of peace beneath him grow,
Suns of pleasure brighten o'er him ;
Memory's joys behind him go,
Hope's sweet angels fly before him.
- 2 Thus he moves from stage to stage,
Smiles of earth and heaven attending ;
Softly sinking down in age,
And at last to death descending :

Cradled in its quiet deep,
 Calm as summer's loveliest even,
 He shall sleep the hallowed sleep,—
 Sleep that is o'erwatched by heaven.

402. (2 COR. XIII. 11.) 8s. & 7s.M. MARINER'S.

Dismission-hymn.

- 1 Part in peace! is day before us?
 Praise his name for life and light;
 Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
 Bless his care who guards the night.
- 2 Part in peace! with deep thanksgiving;
 Rendering, as we homeward tread,
 Gracious service to the living,
 Tranquil memory to the dead.
- 3 Part in peace! such are the praises
 God, our Maker, loveth best;
 Such the worship that upraises
 Human hearts to heavenly rest.

VIII.

ANTHEMS, &c.

1. ANTHEM. (Ps. xxiv. 3, 4.)

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord,
and who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart,
who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
nor sworn deceitfully; he shall receive the
blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from
the God of his salvation.

2. ANTHEM. (Ps. xxv.)

Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy com-
mandments, for thou art my God. Lead me,
O Lord, lead me into the paths of truth.

3. ANTHEM. (Is. lii.)

VERSE (A.T.B.)

1. Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O
Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jeru-
salem, thou holy city!

ANTHEMS, &c.

2. Shake thyself from the dust, O Jerusalem : loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive-daughter of Zion !

7. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings ; that publisheth peace ; that bringeth glad tidings of good ; that publisheth salvation ; that sayeth unto Zion, thy God reigneth !

9. Break forth into joy !

CHORUS :

Hallelujah.

VERSE (A.T.B.)

Sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem : for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

10. The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the sight of all nations ; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

9. Break forth into joy.

CHORUS :

Hallelujah.

4. ANTHEM. (Is. LX. & LXI.)

VERSE (A.T.B.) AND CHORUS.

1. Arise, shine, O Zion ! for thy light is come ; and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

VERSE (B.)

2. Behold, the darkness shall cover the earth ; and gross darkness the people !

ANTHEMS, &c.

VERSE (A.T.) AND CHORUS.

But the Lord shall arise upon thee : and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

VERSE (T.)

3. The Gentiles shall come to thy light ; and kings to the brightness of thy rising !

VERSE (S.)

19. The sun shall be no more thy light by day : neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee : but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God, thy glory !

VERSE (S.A.T.B.)

lxi. 10. I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God : for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.

CHORUS :

I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God.

5. ANTHEM. (1 Cor. xv. 51, &c.)

VERSE (B.)

51. Behold, I shew you a mystery ; we shall not sleep, but we shall all be changed !

52. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet ! The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible ; and we shall be changed.

ANTHEMS, &c.

VERSE (A.)

54. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written ; Death is swallowed up in victory !

VERSE (A.T.)

55. O Death ! where is thy sting ? O Grave ! where is thy victory ?

56. The sting of death is sin : and the strength of sin is the law.

CHORUS :

57. But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ !

6. ANTHEM. (JOHN XI. 25.)

FULL CHORUS :

I am the resurrection and the life ; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live !

(REV. XIV. 13.)

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, ' Write ; From henceforth blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord : for they rest from their labours : and their works do follow them !'

7. ANTHEM. (REV. XXII.)

16. I am the root, and the offspring of David, and the bright and the morning star !

ANTHEMS, &c.

17. And the spirit and the bride say, Come : and let him that heareth say, Come : and let him that is athirst come ! And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely !

20. He who sayeth these things, saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen ; even so, come Lord Jesus.

21. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all ! Amen.

8. ANTHEM.

Lord of all power and might ! Thou that art the author, thou that art the giver of all good things : graft in our hearts the love of thy name ; increase in us true religion : Lord of all power and might ! nourish us in all goodness ; and of thy great mercy keep us in the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord ! Amen.

9. SANCTUS. (Is. vi. 3.)

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord most high !

10. CHORUS. (Rev. xi. 15.)

Hallelujah ! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth : the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever, King of kings and Lord of lords. Hallelujah !

11. CHORUS. (Ps. xix.)

The heavens are telling the glory of God : the wonders of his work displays the firmament. The day that is coming speaks unto day : the night that is gone to following night. In all lands resounds the word, never unperceived—never understood. The heavens are telling the glory of God : the wonders of his work displays the firmament.

12. DOXOLOGY. (Ps. cvi.)

O, give thanks, give thanks, unto the Lord, for he is good ! for his mercy endureth for ever and ever. Thou art our God, and we will praise thee. We will give thanks unto thy holy name, and triumph in thy praise.

13. DOXOLOGY. (Ps. ciii.)

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Bless the Lord, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies. Amen.

14. DOXOLOGY. (Lu. ii. 14.)

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will towards men.

We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee. We give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, Lord God Almighty. Hallelujah ! Amen.

15. DOXOLOGY. (JAS. I. 17.)

To thee, O Lord, do we give thanks for all thy loving-kindness. For all thy gifts and every good, for all thy tender mercies, thanks to thee, O bounteous Lord! Amen.

16. DOXOLOGY. (JUDE 24, 25.)

Now to him who can uphold us by his mighty power, who can present us pure and free from fault before his presence with exceeding joy,

To him be glory, power, dominion, praise, for evermore. Hallelujah! Amen.

17. DOXOLOGY. (REV. xv. 3, 4.)

Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, great and marvellous are thy works. Just and true are all thy ways, thou king of saints. Holy, holy, thou alone art holy! Hallelujah! Amen.

18. DOXOLOGY. (PS. cvi. 48.)

Blessed, blessed be Jehovah, Israel's God, to all eternity! Let all the people say, Amen! Praise to the Lord give ye!

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